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'THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.'

THE 'PROFILE': FRANCONIA NOTCH.

THE perfect enjoyment to be obtained by a few days' complete idleness during the hot season, the 'dolce far niente' of the Italians; the entire 'abandon' of one's self to the pleasure of doing nothing, is, to an American — a pains-taking and care-worn people as we are — a luxury as rare as it is delightful. Such were my thoughts, as on the shores of Lake Winnepiseogee, the lake of many isles, I threw aside the cares and turmoils of the busy city I had left, and, for a few short days, gave myself up to the calm enjoyment of the beautiful, soul-quieting, and softening influences by which I was surrounded. Here I wandered, with no guide but the impulse of the moment, and no occupation but that of dwelling on Nature's works, and looking through them up to the great AUTHOR of Nature, and permitting the holy peace with which the air was filled to flow in upon and take possession of my own soul. The birds and squirrels were my companions; the placid lake in low murmurs all along the shore whispered the assurance that we were friends: the sky, the earth, and the winds of heaven, all combined to give me a warm and joyous welcome. 'The citizen has left his dull and insipid home, and returned to his first and only true love. Shall we not bid him be glad, and with him rejoice, pouring forth our own richest gifts?' Such was the import of the sounds which reached my ear, and their music rung on the breeze in constantly varied and ever sweeter harmony.

The song has never ceased, and may yet be heard by willing ears echoing from the hills, and floating on the lake, rising and falling with the breeze, and circling round that spot, in cadences clear, undying, and of thrilling sweetness.

Though willing and wishing to obey the voice, yet other mandates called me hence: the spirit of the mountain said 'Come!' and I came.

It was on a most glorious summer afternoon that I left the Flume

House, in the Franconia Notch, to pay a visit to the 'Old Man of the Mountain.' I was, as before, alone; and this solitary ride among the mountains I shall ever remember as one of the most solemn and impressive incidents of my life. It might have been partly owing to the very fact that I was thus alone, amid some of the grandest and most majestic of Nature's works, that inspired the heart with such depths of awe and veneration. But it arose likewise, in no small degree, from the peculiar circumstances of the time and season, which on this afternoon combined to produce a more than usual effect.

I had not gone far, before a dark cloud began to show itself over the mountain-tops. Darker and sterner it grew, larger and still larger became the dense mass, until the whole valley was enveloped in its shadow. The air became thick with the sombre hue, and the stillness of the grave was over all! The silence, the solitude, was almost fearful. On I drove through the narrow ravine. The road at times wound through thick woods, and the out-stretching branches almost met over head: again it opened, and mountain rising above mountain met my view. Soon the steep declivities approached each other, and seemed to leave but small space for the wayfarer below, and but a small belt of the dark heavens above was visible between their summits. Heavy thunder rolled in the distance, and the rumbling earth echoed back the sound. Suddenly I found myself on the borders of a lake which lay at the foot of a lofty mountain, and was enclosed by others on all sides. The surface of the lake was as black as ink, and a still, glossy smoothness had settled upon this dark mass. The woods around were reflected upon its immovable face. Not a ripple, not a breath: all was hushed, as though the spell of death or impending annihilation hung over the universe. Awe-struck, I stopped. The heavens were black as Erebus; the waters, the earth, wore the same threatening aspect. Ever and anon a crash of distant thunder for one instant broke the silence, then over all the same unearthly stillness as before. Overcome by the sensations of the moment, I raised my eyes. I started! From the topmost peak of the loftiest of the summits a human yet god-like countenance was looking down upon me, and upon the terrific scene in the midst of which I stood. It was wonderful, those majestic lineaments. Appearing at that moment, it was almost overwhelming.

Such a scene, and the unexpected manifestation of this superhuman presence, was at once startling and sublime. It produced on the mind a most powerful effect, inspiring mingled emotions of awe, wonder, and admiration.

I now saw that it was the far-famed '*Profile*' which towered up before me in solitary grandeur. Was it surprising that the Indian, that child of nature, when, in the midst of a scene like this, suddenly beholding that august countenance, stamped with the image of divinity, should fall prostrate in devout worship; should bow in adoration before the presiding deity of the spot; or that in after times he should perform a pilgrimage again to offer homage at such a shrine? No: in so doing he but followed the dictates of his own heart; he but yielded full sway to those impulses which originated in the deep impression stamped indelibly upon his soul at *this* his first recognition of the visible presence

of the GREAT SPIRIT. That this again should become his altar, ever resorted to in times of emergency or distress, was simply the natural and inevitable result. Here was an answer to his instinctive longings after the material manifestation of that omnipresent BEING, in whose existence he believed, whose hand he recognized as surrounding his path on every side, traced in the trackless wilderness, the roaring cataract, and on the mountain steep. Often sought for, yet here, for the first time, had HE vouchsafed to reveal HIMSELF, and here had HE made HIMSELF known in unequalled and unimagined grandeur.

It is a noble countenance! The more I gazed, the more I admired and venerated. It brought to mind those sublime features in which the old painters have attempted to portray upon canvas, in the human face, all that was god-like in the heart of man; lineaments expressive of the soul's highest, purest qualities, carried to the utmost perfection that the imagination could conceive, united with an intellect the most exalted; and thus have striven to present to mankind, however imperfectly, an image of his MAKER. It did not seem to me an imaginary resemblance to these great master-pieces that I traced in this grand and majestic profile, but a real, unmistakable similarity.

With a heart full of these sacred reminiscences of the old world, thus mingling and identifying themselves with what I now met in the new, I turned from the solemn scene.

And as I turned, and the dark waters at my feet once more met my eye, again another thought took possession of my mind. The black and frowning Styx, whose waters roll between life and everlasting death, seemed to spread out before me. The thick woods opposite, over which the shadows had now gathered themselves together in a denser and more impenetrable gloom, appeared a fitting type of that unfathomable abyss which is to be the dread abode of sinful, disembodied spirits. Its vast depths might, unknown to me, be filled with the hapless shades of the departed. It would scarce have been an unexpected incident, while thus musing, if, pushing from that fell shore, and speeding toward the spot on which I stood, I had beheld the bark of that 'demoniac' ferryman, 'around whose eyes glared wheeling flames,' himself standing on the prow, ready to seize and drag his doomed victim to the place appportioned to him; or if suddenly, over the still lake, some faint breeze had borne the wild shrieks of those already immured, breaking on the startled ear from that dim coast.

Spell-bound as by a horrible fascination I stood, looking for the expected mariner, but I saw him not: with straining ear I listened for these fearful cries, but I heard them not; and finally, as the shades, not of the dead, for them I could not see, but of the thick-coming darkness, were gathering themselves around me, I left the place.

A deluge of rain soon poured from the heavy clouds, which had so long warned, and warned in vain. But I had reached mine inn in safety, where I could fully enjoy the vivid lightning and all the majestic accompaniments of a storm among the mountains. And then the evening which followed was a glorious one! The beauty of that moon-rise over those lofty summits can never be surpassed. We were in a deep, dark

valley, and watched the first faint streak which, as a forerunner, was commissioned by the Queen of Night to announce her own approach. Then a golden tinge was seen on a distant peak, followed soon after by a line of clear, bright light, and speedily she soared above the mountaintops, and launched out into the now radiant firmament. A portion of the valley, pierced by her gentle rays, lay revealed in quiet beauty, while a part remained hid in impenetrable shade: and far off I could discern the distant summits, as they were gradually touched by her beams, and arose from the dark abyss into the calm, dim light.

B. B.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

In Eden's paths when ADAM sinless walked,
And face to face with GOD the FATHER talked,
How bright and happy hour by hour, each day,
In pure contentment, joyful passed away.
Fair rose the sun on nature's richest bloom;
The dewy flowers returned a soft perfume;
At eve descending, golden shadows rest
On the green turf which angels' feet have pressed:
Here sparkling streams a murmuring sound prolong,
Still faint and fainter in their distant song;
At every step new scenes of beauty rise,
And winds waft health and pleasure from the skies.

Thus blest the spot our happy Parents trod,
Beloved of heaven, the garden of our God;
Bright o'er their pathway Hope immortal shone,
With truth descending from the eternal throne;
In innocence and love their hearts expand,
And still submissive to the great command.
All forms of beauty spread before the eye,
All pleasant things in rich profusion lie;
No thought of care disturbs the quiet scene,
No clouds obscure the day-light's glittering sheen:
One power of living worship veils their shrine,
Pure as the source from whence it sprung divine.

Oh! if on earth that power could still be found,
E'en through the darker mists now gathered round,
Still but one ray of that bright, heavenly flame,
Which thus in Eden to the spirit came;
How might the soul, on radiant wings sublime,
Rise from this cloudy atmosphere of time,
And soar away, through realms of ether far,
Beyond the limits of each distant star.

Yet though the weakness of one fatal hour
Still sadly comes with well-remembered power;
Though now on earth no Paradise is seen,
Where living waters roll its paths between;
Though angel-voices here no more are heard,
With sound of footsteps, when the leaves were stirred,
In the cool evening falling, on the air
Laden with fragrance, rising every where;
There comes to Reason's eye a steady light,
Clear shining through these shades of dusky night,

Known to the planets and the starry spheres,
That circle round with Time's unmeasured years:
Far o'er the path of nature, soft and pure,
Its rays reflected pierce the dark obscure,
A spark ethereal from the GODHEAD given,
Whose skirts are folded in the blue of heaven.

Here, eldest TRUTH, thy being had its birth,
And down descended like a star on earth;
In regions mild of calm, eternal day,
Thy early radiance first began to play;
Around thee there thy younger partners stood,
MERCY and PEACE, a lovely sisterhood.
High in the realms of clear, empyreal air,
I hear a voice thy glorious path declare:
For thee, first-born, from these thy native skies,
The errand waits; now in thy strength arise.
Behold, far off the battle is begun,
And ERROR's hosts are stalking in the sun;
Forth from their shadowy caves, with low-winged thought,
Now passing nearer, and now seen remote,
In light, fantastic shapes they weave the air,
Or heavier lurk in hollow places there.
Howe'er the mask, in all one bleared face
Obliquely looks in various crooked ways,
Or if aloft they stare with vacant eye,
Their vision follows motes along the sky.
With these thy sisters, here thy course begin,
And outward passing, seek the soul within,
Not less to guide with nature's certain light,
Now fainter shining through these shades of night.
Be thine to walk with majesty severe,
Nor let thy fuller radiance quite appear:
Pleased when on earth thy partial ray is known,
And Faith pursues the half-veiled foot-prints on.

Thus armed, the winged messenger came down,
A white-robed mantle shadowed half her crown;
A modest cincture round her loins she wore,
And in her hand a branch of amaranth bore;
Each flower was glistening with immortal dew,
Distilled from odors where in heaven it grew;
And MERCY followed, bearing, gentle maid,
What seemed the rod of Justice backward laid;
With meek-eyed PEACE, though younger, yet twin-born,
Around whose neck was hung a golden horn.
These all together came, nor lighted here,

But first above the smoke of this dim sphere,
Of purer air they formed a fleecy shroud,
And hid their brightness in a purple cloud.

While thus reposing in their tented veil,
To Fancy's breeze we spread the fluttering sail,
And steer our course where in the dimmer ray
Of light historic, earth-bound records lay,
With here and there, along the shadowy track,
Some cheering gleams reflected faintly back;
Divided radiance, seen perhaps by night,
Returning upward to the parted light.

That ancient stream, whose waters silent run,
And pass unchanging through the shade and sun,
Once in the land of story and of song,
To sounds of murmuring music rolled along.
Around Olympus' base, with deeper flow,
From fountains fed by everlasting snow,
A tide of foam-bells on its bosom shone,
Flung off from VENUS' starry girdled zone;
While in soft groves, where waving pine-trees
bent,
Those strains were heard which Art to Genius
lent,
When in dark clefts behind the mountain tower
She saw the dew-drop sparkling on the flower,
Which from a passing cloud was wafted down,
By some cross-wind that wandered there un-
known.

Ah, blind old man! this glorious Grecian sky,
With all its brightness, fades before thine eye.
For thee the early sun-beams now no more
Across the sea their morning splendors pour:
And Scio's moon, that shone so sweet at night,
For thee no longer comes with yellow light;
Nor flowers are blooming in their beauty fair,
Nor rainbow rises on the painted air.
Let these soft winds that murmur round thee still,
Here on the summit of this Phrygian hill,
Which high o'erlooks Dardanian bulwarks
strong,
Pass with Scamander's shining stream along;
And wider spread where, near the tented plain,
Those crested prows are riding on the main,
Whose sounding wave from distant Argos bore
The son of THETIS to the Trojan shore.
Or shall they rather wait the siren song
Which hoarse TRINACRIA heard her rocks among,
And with the bubbles on the goblet's brim,
Light break away before the Circean hymn?
Or patient with the wandering Argive go,
And die in music on his fabled bow?

Let not the thought, with dignity severe,
Appeal to TRUTH while fondly lingering here.
This early voice, which thus in rapture woke,
And with its call the dreams of Echo broke,
Not less the slumbers of the spirit stirred,
While still its sounds melodious are heard,
Nor quite disdained, e'en in the spheric clime,
Where now the sons of morning sing sublime.

Yet for a moment may the heart recall,
Now rising where Egean shadows fall,
Those other notes of lofty, lyric sound,
That half inspired the stupid woods around;
Or breaking clear, like music long delayed,
Or softer falling in the slumbering shade;
And low or high, all one full, ringing tone,
Above the song to younger voices known.

But what are these that cluster round us here,
And one by one in broader light appear?
Whence came the beauty of this living brow,
And where the voice I heard approaching now?

Was it a sound that passed across the sea,
And through this arch swept by in melody?
Or only rustlings which these broad leaves made,
Here lofty playing in their pleasant shade?
Athenian FALLAS! on that sun-clad height
Thy temple stands, how proudly, purely white!
Long rows of pillars round in beauty rise,
Far looking o'er the Ægean wave, that lies
Blue-mirrored, with its thousand islands fair,
For ever cooled by gentle breezes there.
It is the spot where Art has lingered long,
Where that sweet Nightingale her Attic song
In notes most musical poured on the air,
Not dying with departed summer there.
The land of PLATO and THUCYDIDES;
The land of PHIDIAS and PRAXITELES;
The land of LYSIAS and ISOCRATES;
Of ÆSCHINUS and of DEMOSTHENES;
The land of CONON and ARISTIDES,
Of XENOPHON and of THEMISTOCLES;
The land of CIMON and MILTIADES,
Of NICIAS and of ALCEBIADES,
Of famed ASPASIA and of PERICLES,
Of ÆSCHYLUS and of EURIPIDES,
Of old ANACREON, with his wine and lees,
Of him, frog-croaking ARISTOPHANES,
And he, whose voice came from the murmuring
bees,
ELECTRA's poet, white-haired SOPHOCLES.
Look how they rise, are rising — come away;
Oh let them not thy onward course delay.
Pleasant it is to listen to the flow
Of these soft waters, where the winds that blow,
With fragrance sighing, lull the soul to sleep,
For some, alas! Lethæan slumber deep.

But ask, Why came not Truth's unclouded
ray?
Why this faint glimmer of the dawning day?
Were eyes like these unfitted for the light,
Or could they only see in dreams by night?
Too wise by half. Ask wherefore should the sun,
While in their paths the circling planets run,
Look but at one bright side that turns to him,
And veil the other in eclipses dim?
Why, while he shines in noon-day splendor here,
Far round the globe, the moon and stars appear,
Known to the sailor on the Indian seas,
At midnight dancing o'er the antipodes?

Alas for all the power of moral grace!
The snarling cynic in his sunny place,
With fancied pride, the glorious brightness
viewed,
Before whose light the world's dread conqueror
stood;
All in his house of hoops alike he sees,
If ALEXANDER of DIOGENES.
Poor, narrow fool! when CHARON claimed his
dole,
Amazed, he wonders how this shrivelled soul
E'er found the strength to float itself away,
While earth retained the smallest pinch of clay.

Yet half there shone immortal radiance fair,
When PLATO's master drank his hemlock there.
Calm, as in breathing sleep, he sank to rest,
To wake, like sun-beams fading in the west.
Far in the silence of the land of dreams,
On fields of flowers, and crystal-shining streams,
There falls a flood of silver-winged light,
That breaks the gloom of everlasting night.
Not here, not here — what is it that I see?
I know, I know that life is yet to be.
E'en from the hour when nature had her birth,
While virtue, justice, love, remain on earth,
All who shall here their holy laws fulfil
Must see beyond a final triumph still.
For them good angels heavenly watches keep:
Not dying can make death eternal sleep.

Look farther round; in every clime and age,
The record reads the same unvaried page,
Whether embracing now in wider view
What PHARAOH's priests and Chaldee wise men
knew,
Or later where Ansonian shadows lay,
When earth acknowledged Rome's imperial
sway.
From first to last, in dim perception shown,
Some greater truth seems lying half unknown.
Just where the line, that bounds to mortal eye
Those lofty depths which pass beyond the sky,
Fades fainter in the vast, unmeasured clime,
Where once was seen the birth of eldest Time;
Just here, when thought would spread her wings,
to soar
Above the mists that veiled her path before,
When with high effort, struggling to be free,
The inner spirit felt what life must be,
In long uncertainty of doubt they stood,
Like wanderers through a crowded solitude,
Without a chart to guide their trackless way,
Or northern star to shine with cheering ray:
One course they followed, and one path they trod;
Each sought from nature how to worship God.
This is the thought that rises over all,
This is the power which some divine would call:
The great, wide truth, that runs the earth around,
Where'er the living creature has been found:
Though love, and hope, and faith, are absent
still,
This mighty agent bows the mortal will,
And, wiser than the fool, will seek the road
That follows on divinely up to God.

So, in eternal forests, lone and deep,
The Red Man laid his weary limbs to sleep,
His battles finished, and his hunting o'er;
He wakes again upon the spirit-shore,
And, with the bow and axe beside him laid,
*The deer he chases in a land of shade,
Where the GREAT SPIRIT sees with smiling face
The best and bravest of the warrior race.

How shall the lyre those sacred strains pro-
long
Of old, which passed above the mount of song,
And played among the clouds—are playing
still—
That circled round the brow of Sion's hill?
From their high fountains of eternal spring,
Clear, living waters sparkle as they sing,
And back reflected, send the heavenly ray,
Whose light was born of pure, ethereal day.
Why in the softness of the evening hour,
Bright from the diamonds of this weeping
shower,
Full in the radiance of the setting sun,
Does this wide arch of glittering colors run?
O welcome messenger! with thee in youth
Came the glad tidings of unchanging TRUTH;
Down thy bent span, in blended beauty clear,
On the blue ground, her trailing skirts appear;
One hand she pointed to the passing flood;
The other sealed the colors where they stood:
So shall they stand, nor change, nor period know,
While seasons roll beneath the covenant bow.

Now were the seals of that great Volume broke,
Recorded truths by inspiration spoke,
Which, high above all boasted wisdom old,
The wondrous ways of PROVIDENCE unfold.
Proud hum: a reason, with its lofty sneer,

Quite foolish stands, amazed, confounded here:
In simple power of majesty divine,
The sacred stamp appears on every line,
Before the beauty of whose equal ray
All doubts and shadows fly like mists away.
In vain the sciolist with his small eye
Would here his self-inflated lens apply;
The puny moralist, with equal skill,
Lies floundering in his oozy quagmire still;
While he who digs his letters in the earth
Has found his knowledge of so rare a birth,
That other worlds must in their course have run,
Before this globe went whirling round the sun.
His long-named friends, whose fossils now remain,
Lived ancient in the days of TURBAN-
AIN.
Perhaps for him, as for the porous beam,
To stone converted by the trickling stream,
All that these silent drippings could impart
Has been the power to petrify his heart.
But let him pass: his bones may come to light
When he has slept through thousand years of
night,
Where other strata will be heaped up high,
Their page just opened to the curious eye;
Some future sage will stand with wondering
mind,
And speculate in abstract thought refined,
And make new names for these old bones of his,
Distinctly labelled, 'Sui generis.'

How vain the pride of wisdom's worldly
school!
How easy knowledge makes a man a fool!
Atoms on atoms wandering fly around,
And raise for mortal ears a jingling sound,
Not heard in fact, but yet presumed to be,
Tossing and tumbling through immensity,
Till all at once they cease their merry dance,
And in due order stand arranged by chance.
This eye was floating in eternal space,
And, lucky for me, lighted in my face;
A hand, an arm, were beating on the air,
And sought to find atomic partners there,
When lo, half made, I happened to pass by,
And all was finished, without how or why.
So, by gradations equally refined,
Some way or other, I was given a mind;
And this warm blood, that courses through my
frame,
By like attraction or perversion came.
What endless mazes error loves to run!
How dark for her the shining of the sun!
In winding circuit, shades on shades appear,
And back and forward idly double here.
How all breaks clear before the quickened sight!
God said, Let there be light, and there was light.
Darkness and light, divided then by name,
Each to their separate course, well ordered,
came;
The great, round earth, obedient to His voice,
Far rising through the elemental noise,
Where Chaos, in his dark pavilion wide,
For ever stirs the vexed and surging tide,
Sprung to her station with the ringing spheres,
And round her centre marks the rolling years.
The trees and flowers in varied beauty rise;
The smiling landscape soft and pleasant lies;
Each living creature joins the perfect plan,
And all is crowned, and made complete in man.

Oh! shame to him who with capricious heart
Would rob creation of its better part,
Turn the closed eye to mystic doubts refined,
And subtle weave a midnight for the mind!

* By cloudless moons through fields of blue,
In habit of the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer a shade.

For him all nature is a dreary page,
One universal blank from youth to age.
What if he strives to take a nobler view,
And seeks the good, the beautiful, the true?
What if so far he bows his stubborn pride
As just to stand the heavenly gates beside?
Alas! though near, the distance is as great,
Still darkly hanging o'er the brink of fate;
Too calm, too confident, too self-possessed,
Or if convinced, too hard to be confessed;
Ashamed to follow on the pathway bright,
Because it shines not with his own pale light.

But high above all passion, noise, and strife,
Lies the full day of everlasting life,
Revealed in promises which, seen by faith,
With heavenly radiance light the road to death.
Here prophets breathed upon the burning scroll;
With tongues of flame they writ the parchment
roll.

Far from his Chaldee home for ever passed,
On Mamre's plain his tents the Patriarch cast;
From all the nations called by act of grace
To be the founder of that royal race
For whom was heard the Psalmist's harp divine,
Prophetic told of JUDAH's princely line,
Whose people still, though scattered near and
far,

Living mementoes of the record are,
Now, as of old, distinct in every place.
The mark and symbol stamped upon their face.
Say, ye who look with calm and placid eye,
Wide as your range of mortal sight can lie,
Where, in the annals of the human race,
Or lowly found, or high in pride of place,
Of all who won a great and glorious name,
And lofty filled the sounding trump of fame,
Where arms and arts of noblest grace were
found,

And hope immortal seemed to breathe around.
Who now remain? who here, like these, are seen,
The same to-day as they have always been?
Not like sea-islanders, for ever rude,
But through all highest moral change have stood,
Are standing yet, and shall, we know, remain
Till TRUTH on earth asserts her final reign.

Oh, if beyond this fine-spun, subtle lore,
One simple fact defies your vaunted power;
If still for you the knowledge be too great
That veils the limits of this present state;
Be wise in folly, and with better heed,
Submit in silence, or first learn to read.
Turn to the prudent tribe, the busy race,
Industrious working in their little place;
Or look on all great things that round you lie,
Nor, with that purely philosophic eye,
Calmly and coldly pass their heights along,
And try to reason whether GOD be wrong.

But earth moves on her fixed, diurnal span:
Behold, the time is come, the hour, the Man!
Life as it shall be rises to the sight.
And immortality is brought to light.
The darkness passes; from the opening tomb,
Pure, heavenly radiance dissipates the gloom.
It is the triumph angels love to sing,
It is the dawning of eternal spring;
It is the breaking of the purple cloud
Which holds the sisters in its fleecy shroud.
All hopes that cheer life's dark and dubious way,
All highest passions in this frame of clay,
All burning thoughts that worship and adore,
All weeping eyes that now shall weep no more,

All aspirations to the spirit given,
That wake immortal on the plains of heaven;
Whatever rises with the voice of song,
Whatever reverent moves the heart or tongue,
Whatever, whirling, rests not night or day,
Like flying spokes in full, revolving play;
Great wains of thought that on the helix roll,
And circle round, and crowd upon the soul;
The dream of happiness, the crown of faith,
The final victory over sin and death —
Lo, what a constellation clusters here!
How purely soft the shining orbs appear!
What gentle radiance passes down the sky,
In whose blue seas the starry diamonds lie!
A firmament of gems, for ever bright
With the reflection of immortal light.

Now let the foolishness of folly cease;
Hang high the signal of eternal Peace,
Emblem of Mercy from the far-off shore,
Waving its colors all the wide world o'er.
A small, white cloud, just where the sun might be,
Obscurely hanging round the inland sea,
Where from their noon-day slumbers now awake
*Those pilots of the Galilean lake,
Whose wider net, through seas of every clime,
Has gently passed along the tide of time,
And, gathered in with wise and careful hand,
It lays its treasures on that shining strand,
Where earth and water lie for ever fair,
In like embrace of elemental air.

But has the world been new-created then?
Is Paradise restored to man again?
Has human passion passed from earth away?
Is death no more the doom of mortal clay?
What then is truth? And do you wish to know
What PILATE asked two thousand years ago?
There is the armor: will you gird it on?
There is the field; a battle lost or won.
The foe around in lurking ambush lies:
Were there no conflict, there would be no prize.
Not the time-serving or the coward heart,
With folded hands retiring far apart;
Not he with moody look and sullen brow,
Who careless waits while others strike the blow;
Not such as these will ever win the wreath
Whose laurels wave above the field of death.
Earth is the battle-ground where armies meet;
Woe to the soldier who with flying feet
Would shun the conflict, or retiring stand,
The spear and buckler idle in his hand!

Ye white-robed throng, who once in mortal
strife,
Through field and flood, maintained the war of
life,
While fiery tempests raged around your head,
And, fiercely fighting, dead men fell on dead;
Apostles, saints, and martyrs, glorious now,
With living garlands waving on your brow,
From your high habitations lowly bend,
And let your spirit here again descend.
Tell how above all strife of earthly war,
The joys of heaven exceeding greater are;
Tell how the last and dreaded mortal blow
Recoils in vengeance on the vanquished foe;
Say how by dying, DEATH himself must die,
And as an angel bear us to the sky.

Now in his hour of high, undazzled flight,
The Roman eagle rises to the sight;
O'er distant climes, with wings of circling pride,
His course careering, follows far and wide;

* * Last came, and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake.

Imperial colors, soiling, trail the ground,
Fast to the victor's golden chariot bound.
Long rows of captives, noble where the light
Of eastern suns in softest radiance bright
Fell on the palm-trees, whose broad leaves
around

Made in the air a soft and dreamy sound;
With those who, by their sacred altars rude,
Deep in the shadows of the ancient wood,
In Druid rites and mysteries profound,
Invoked the gods and water-spirits round;
Through vast, triumphal archways springing
high.

Before the gazing multitude pass by.
He, with his noble look and manly grace,
The last perhaps of an illustrious race;
Or she who, once the Desert City's Queen,
In those sun-ter-ples of the Palmyrene,
With that old man, whose lofty name sublime
Yet stands recorded on the page of time;
Here lowly follow to the swelling strain
Whose notes are heard before the conqueror's
train.

Yet must they fall; yet must the impending
doom

That comes to all, to all this greatness come;
Nor Priest nor Flamen, with their hollow cry,
Can here avert the solemn augury.

Where the blue Bosphorus now rolls along
His waters, famous in the youth of song,
Beneath the billows of whose swelling tide,
Swimming for love and life, LEANDER died,
Beyond the crescent of that golden horn,
Enfolding shapes of mirrored beauty born,
Stands the fair city of great CONSTANTINE,
Who saw in heaven appear the conquering sign.
Lord of the Roman world, there rose on high,
Above his eagle soaring to the sky,
An emblem of a mightier power on earth
Than ever hero knew of mortal birth.
The little cloud, which, like a human span,
First came where Jordan's silver waters ran,
Now in a wider brightness spread around,
And lighted up those hollow caves profound,
Where in their darkness earth-born shadows lay,
Retiring from the early dawn away.
Hail to the triumph! victors of the world,
No more your golden ensign is unfurled;
No more, with wings expanded far above,
Undazzled soars the imperial bird of Jove:
Lo, not one shaft is flying through the air,
Yet see, he pauses in his progress there;
Stays but a moment, and with flapping sound,
Falls back, and tumbles headlong to the ground.

Here has the harder conflict now begun,
The triumph here, but not the trophy won.
The old Dragon still, though in his iron chain,
Has not quite lost his power on earth to reign.
What by the unity of Love is made,
Has yet with grosser matter to be weighed.
The human will, not free, and not confined,
Still subject to the same great laws of mind,
Which, to the winds and waters ever known,
Give them a freedom, and retain their own,
Has, with its lenses to a focus brought,
Confused the simplest elements of thought.
Wrapped in a gloss of unsubstantial light,
Believing truth, but holding it too bright,
Creating heaven what they would have it be,
Talking of freedom, yet with lock and key
Barring its doors with pride and bigotry,
Holding salvation but on usury,

An idle crowd before the gilded shrine
Now turn to mockery the rites divine;
And all those holy aspirations given,
That came immortal from their fount in heaven,
On lower pinnons hovering, sink away
Before a likeness of this painted clay.

Say, whence has come this melancholy change?
Does reason sanction such perversion strange?
The simple truth, that shone with early light,
Still shines undimmed in heavenly lustre bright;
Still in its living beauty plays about,
Though from a human dwelling-place shut out.
It is not night because my narrow room,
Close barred and bolted, makes a partial gloom;
Nor has the sun gone down, because that cloud
Now veils his radiance in its passing shroud.
Long were the story how by slow degrees
The pampered senol grew too hard to please;
Or how the carnal passions, side by side,
Forth walked abroad with luxury and pride;
Art and convenience formed their equal tools,
With ignorance, low handmaid of the schools;
While love of power here brought its sweeter
zeal.

And strangling choked all worship in the breast.
Nor these alone: e'en when a purer ray
Half scattered their dark, murky clouds away,
Philosophy, with wondrous power of thought,
The naked substance comprehended not;
Still with distinctions would it wander round,
Still indistinct in all its mazes found.
Hence, with the passing eye half closed, we see
Presumption blind and subtle mystery:
One counts his beads, and pays his willing dole,
To purchase absolution for his soul;
To shreds and relics in his sight are given
The holy power to turn the keys of heaven;
Another burrows in his mental bill,
And leaving earth, becomes a naked Will;
Around the top of speculation high,
Link in a chain drawn through eternity,
Awhile he lives in self-created day,
Then sinks upon a German mist away.

Would that these warring powers, in conflict
joined.

Might batter down the prisons of their mind,
Each from the other knock its hold away,
And bright let in the ever-living day.
Yet here, to this great central point now brought,
A moment stay, and turn to human thought:
A vast complexity, in whose embrace,
Outrunning measurements of time and space,
The deeper springs of those dark secrets lie,
Which veil for man the glories of the sky.

Well may we ponder, looking on the page
Where all the good and wise of every age
Confess their weakness, and retiring own
A knowledge greater than themselves have
known.

The germ of life, indwelling, all unseen,
That ceases not to be, nor to have been,
Great, subtle essence from the GODHEAD sent,
The birth divine, the purest element
Thin-spun and indivisible, where lie,
Alike indifferent to the inner eye,
All vast ideas, high, eternal born,
No bigger than a single grain of corn,
Nor either suffering, howsoever they roll,
*The slightest laceration of the soul.

Resolve its powers, or simple or profound,
And Reason now and Understanding sound;

* Consider your own conceptions, said IMMANUEL, and the difficulty will be less. What space does the idea of a pyramid occupy more than that of a grain of corn? Or how can either of them suffer laceration?
RASSELAS.

Seek how evolved, but first desire to know
By what fixed laws their movements ever go ;
Trace out the analogies by science shown,
The electric spark, the seaman's polar stone,
The simplest circumstance now known to all,
What makes a meteor or an apple fall !
Like them, by these each new discovery try,
With strength to bear the scrutinizing eye
Which sees all parts together perfect joined,
In one well-balanced frame-work of the mind.

In all such reasoning error surely lies,
Which by ontology is made too wise.
Beyond the limits, in whose certain rule
Is held the knowledge of the mental school,
There stretches still that outer region wide,
Where all experimental lore is tried.
The cautious hand, here through this dark array,
By slow degrees, with prudence feels its way,
Nor yet advances, if those greater laws
Reveal not plain the fixed, determined cause.
Some newer lights who see with clearer eye,
Slashing their broadswords, boldly cut and try,
Hacking and hewing, as if truth were found
By piece-meal scattered through the shades
around ;

Or if they stumble nearer to the light,
They know no law to tell them they are right.
Whole systems have been later given to man,
If that be system which contains no plan,
By which, in endless jargon rolled about,
Ideas have been tumbled inside out ;
A vast profundity of nothing learned,
Nor e'en by transcendental eye discerned.
The new disciple with his weaker strings,
More noisy, substitutes a sound for things,
And puzzled long, in fancied vision deep,
At last the night-mare breaks upon his sleep ;
The conjured figures now before him rise,
And all the shades are heavenly in his eyes ;
At his command they come and disappear,
Great lord of intellectual spectres here ;
The Ego now is tyrant of his brain :
I live, he cries, I hail, I snow, I rain !

But what of that great question ever sought,
Confounding still the highest reach of thought,
Which, like the problem of the rounded square,
No skill has yet been able to declare ?
Vast depth profound, where lies the mystery
Of understanding how the mind is free ;
Whether the actions rising in my soul
Around their centre self-determined roll,
Unchained, unfettered, free as heavenly air,
Or near or far, or here or every where.
First, do I feel within my mental frame
A law in all its changes still the same ?
Or rather wander like a dreaming sound,
And idly play among the leaves around ?
See, where they list, the summer breezes blow,
We know not whence they come, or whither go :
So is it written, of the SPIRIT born,
Do we now live, young children of the morn ;
Upward on wings of love and hope we rise,
To dwell eternal in the sunny skies,
Or free to choose, in darker hollows lay,
Like night-shades flying from the light away,

Here let the line of nicer draft divide
What lies on this, or on the other side.
Reward and punishment, or soon or late,
Alike determine and allot our fate.

Princeton, (N. J.,) September, 1850.

The good man lives, as ever in his eye
There comes the summons, Thou must this day
die ;

And sure as death, he knows there may be given,
If so he will, the glorious crown of heaven.
But is there farther freedom for the free ?
Has he the power to change his destiny ?
Or can he will, and make new laws for life,
Or peaceful shun the battle and the strife ?
What is the liberty that makes him still
Obedient to a power above his will ?
Just what is seen, when in each passing hour
He feels the presence of that sovereign power ;
Just what he knows, when to his bounded sight
Invisible appear the fields of light :
Of little consequence to seek the cause,
When truth and revelation write the laws ;
If perfect freedom be the highest bliss,
Why was the world created what it is ?

But leave all doubt, and say, within their
sphere,
Virtue and knowledge are true freedom here ;
Nor with rash wisdom venture to unbind
Those darker robes that veil the human mind.
There is a law through all creation found,
A law which runs its widest limits round :
The birth of ages in its being lay,
And by its power the heavens shall pass away ;
Its primal hour was with the eternal Word,
Far speaking, when the sovereign voice was
heard ;

It lives, it reigns for ever with the sun,
All distant harmonies it binds in one ;
For it the planets, in procession bright,
Go one by one, around their central light ;
And holding nature in its vast embrace,
As soon the earth could leave its destined
place
As thought or will that golden chain can break,
And in free air their own pavilion make.

How shall we call it ? It is still the same,
If known by this, or any other name.
What binds the universe, must surely be
The will of God, which is Necessity.
As His command, so comes my freedom here,
Doing or suffering in my little sphere ;
Not less to love, because I cannot fly,
And look in heaven with my weak, mortal
eye ;

Nor to complain, because a stronger sight
Was not vouchsafed to bear the heavenly light ;
But looking calmly on the unwritten page,
To read my lesson with advancing age :
Knowing that of myself I could not come,
*Feeling that dying is but going home ;
All speculative reasoning quite laid by,
As free to live, and yet as sure to die ;
Nor life, nor death, to be avoided here,
From whence this truth I see distinct and clear :
That while all laws one great, fixed end fulfil,
Necessity leaves free the human will.

O Thou, from whom all being had its birth,
In this clear dawn of later truth on earth,
Let not the vanity of weaker pride
In bold presumption turn its rays aside ;
But rather may the meek and faithful heart
In modest silence bear its little part,
And still walk on with calm and steadfast gaze,
Till called to see the brightness face to face.

M I L T O N A N D H O M E R .

A MONOGRAPH.

BY THE REV. JOHN W. MEARS.

THE attachment of Milton to classical examples and his imitation of them need not be remarked upon; nor will it be disputed that, in many instances, he has perceptibly improved upon them. Like Homer, he, too, in the introductory part of his great work, introduces a *catalogue*, (i.e., that of the devil-deities, *Paradise Lost*, book I.,) which is relieved by many more points, and is vastly more entertaining, than the tedious enumeration running through from three to five hundred lines of the *Iliad*.

Homer and Milton both, before they introduce their catalogues, indulge themselves in fanciful similitudes suggested by the number and condition of the forces to be named, which gives us a fine opportunity to bring the two minds of the authors into comparison. The superior richness of Milton's imagination, and the excellent good judgment he displays in the *location* of his figures, are obvious, if we but glance at the two passages.

First, in the matter of mere outward magnitude. Homer's fancy plays only through the compass of twenty-five lines, while he is content to run on in the enumerative vein through some three hundred and sixty lines. Milton, on the other hand, discourses grandly of things comparable to his angel-forces through forty lines, confining the catalogue itself within one hundred and fifty lines: 375-520.

Now, to the nature of the similes employed. Homer's First, verse 455, has reference to the glitter of the armor worn, like devouring fire on the top of a mountain. The special aptness of this simile is perhaps to be found in the distance and indefiniteness of the object. The Grecian array was not formed, and the confused and scattered arms were not gathered so as to produce a distinct picture. The Second figure is based upon the uproar made by the frequent and irregular tread of horses and soldiers assembling in great multitudes. These things have their likeness, according to the poet, in the numerous flocks of such sociable birds as geese, cranes, or long-necked swans: those of the latter (for distinctness) which frequent the Asian meadow, amid the streams of the Cayster, etc. The suitableness of the comparison rests upon the multitude, the clamor and confusion, and especially the mob-like and unsoldierly condition of the crowd. Can the poet intend to call attention to the fortuitous likeness of *topography*, and to lay emphasis upon it, as an important point in the comparison, by the phrases 'Ἀσίῳ ἐν λευκῶνι and 'Ἐν λευκῶνι Σκαμανδρίῳ? The Third comparison turns more strictly upon the numbers of the forces, and is complete and concise to the limits of a single verse:

Μυρία ὅσα τε φύλλα καὶ ἄνθεα γίγνεται ὥρη.

The leaves and *flowers in spring* may be considered more suitable in

the hopeful state of the army which is described. The Fourth is that of the flies crowding around the milk-pails in spring, and vehemently urging for an entrance; just as the Greek army with its vast multitudes is urging for admission within the walls of Troy. Although we might find this or that justification for this simile, we shall doubtless be excused for *not liking it*. What justness there is in it rests upon the disorderly impetuosity of the Greeks, which, before the battle array, would carry them to the enemy's walls, as if they had been a thick swarm of creatures without thought, like the flies. Fifthly, we have the ordering of the hosts as if they had been flocks and herds by their discerning watchmen. There is a shade of special adaptedness in this, inasmuch as now, while the host approach a better condition, a higher degree in the animal kingdom is chosen as the site from which to view them. Herd-cattle are better than flies or wild geese. Lastly, verse 780-85, the whole earth in a blaze would but equal the glory of their armor, and the ground keeps quaking under their tread, as if the wrathful Zeus were hurling about his thunderbolts, smiting therewith the land of his powerful and deadly foe Typhæus. The bolder tone of this simile, as compared with the first, is justified by the completed array and dreadful order of the marshalled forces.

Thus, we find amid the grander features of the poem, some evidences of a nice and just feeling in the management of the less conspicuous matters. But by glancing hastily over the corresponding passages in *Paradise Lost*, we shall discover the marks of a superior sagacity and judgment, not to say of a richer imagination. Not more than a word upon each simile will be necessary to make this plain to any one. Milton had that 'seeing eye' in which Carlyle declares the poetic faculty so largely consists. He discerned most skilfully between the *moments* of his epic narrative. And reserving his figures, the blind poet deals them out only as the varying color of the narrative would be suited in them.

First, his exuberant fancy supplies us at once with three similes to illustrate the appearance of the host as they lie

'Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire.'

First, they are thick as leaves in autumn strewing the brooks of Val-lombrosa. Then they are as the scattered sedge blown about on the Red Sea, when at the setting of Orion the south wind vexes the coasts. Thirdly, they are strown like the floating carcasses of the Egyptians overthrown by the waves of the self-same sea. Observe how exactly these figures, which at the outset profess to relate only to the number of the host, ('*thick* as the leaves,') yet describe the host just at that *moment* in its history. The faded and fallen leaves and the upturned sedge, both floating in a foreign element, are exceedingly apt pictures of the miserable multitude:

'Is horrible destruction laid thus low;
Oh, how unlike the place from which they fell!'

And nothing could bring up with more force the

'CHERUB and seraph rolling in the flood
With scattered arms and ensigns,'

than the reference to our familiar conception, aided as it is by master-

paintings, of the discomfited hosts of Pharaoh covering the Red Sea with wrecks of their mad and perfidious undertaking.

But the host is now fully roused by the general's voice. The prostrate angels rise from their bed of fire, and balance themselves upon the wing under the cope of hell. Now, again, the poet yields his pen to the guidance of imagination. And though he once more professes to describe them simply as innumerable, the nature of his comparison is skillfully modified to suit the altered condition of the multitude. The myriads of locusts that devastated Egypt are introduced, not as they covered the ground, which would have been sufficiently just if numbers only had been involved, but as they filled the air, 'a pitchy cloud,' 'warping on the eastern wind,' hanging over 'the realm . . . like night,' and darkening 'all the land of Nilo.' Nor should it escape observation that these formidable insects, like the angel multitude, are just 'up-called,' while a subtle comparison lies between the power of Moses and of Satan. In the First figure every thing was prostrate, humble, and without life or hope. Now every thing is busy, elate, rustling and threatening. The locusts contemplate settling: the bad angels only wait the signal of the waving spear till they light upon the firm brimstone. But scarcely have their feet seemed to touch a standing-place, and the whole host to have assumed a position which would be natural to man, when the poet's eye has glanced over the vast plain filled up by the multitude; and the steppes of the north, waste, barren, boundless, thronged with hastening troops of barbarians, come up before his inner vision. 'A multitude like which,' he sings, (and the tramp of thousands seems to echo in his verse:)

'A MULTITUDE like which, the populous north
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danau.'

The justness of this comparison is in the yet unmarshalled confusion of the crowd, but more especially in the farther remove which it indicates from the conditions implied in former similes. A swarm of men is better than a swarm of locusts. These hordes of barbarians were not only fierce and multitudinous, but they were powerful. The illustration is framed to suit the improved condition of the angels, who seem to require a firm footing for their comfort, as also for their efficient coöperation in planning and in action.

Finally, after the array has been accomplished, the banners raised, the forest of spears uplifted, shield laid upon shield, helm thronged upon helm, then, as they stand presenting

———'A HORRID front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield;'

then first the comparison is drawn, or rather their superiority is declared in contrast with the best and chiefest of human forces. In making up the list, the poet seems to have preferred to follow the course of mythology, fable and romance, rather than that of history; thus allowing more room for the play of imagination and for conceptions of ideal splendor in the minds of the readers. All of which would have been out of place in an earlier stage of the narrative:

'For never since, created man
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes, though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each hand
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of UTHEN's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Justed in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Marocco or Trebizond;
Or whom BISERTA sent from Afric's shore,
When CHARLEMAGNE, with all his peerage, fell
By Fontarabbia.'

Now look at the complete picture we can make out of the similes alone. See what an eloquent series of *tableaux* we have, telling in poetical dumb-show the very story of the facts as they occur. Might we not almost omit the recital of the facts? Are they not like that temporary arch which builders can remove without risking the safety or beauty of the building?

First: Sad withered leaves, torn from their aerial connections, for ever deprived of their greenness and glory, and swaying helplessly to and fro on the bosom of the waves; sedge, suddenly rent from the water-side, and blown hither and thither by the fierce winds of autumn; then a warlike array that went forth in the morning, numerous, expectant, boastful, and that in the evening floated a host of carcasses on the top of the sea.

Second tableau, in mid-air: A swarm of locusts poised on the wing and darkening the sun. One endowed with more than magical power has called them up, and they seem to wait the movement of his rod before they light.

Third tableau: The barbarians of the north, thronging and jostling one another on the wide and barren plains: they regard one another with fierceness, but they are all eager for some mighty undertaking.

Fourth tableau: Splendid pictures and pageants, knights in armor, the order and the pomp of tournaments, of warlike movements, of renowned hostilities between the best-appointed forces and the most distinguished commanders in the world. All these dipped in the colors of ancient romance, and then emphatically declared to be inadequate to the comparison.

Let these pictures succeed each other in your mind, and you will gain accurate impressions of the nature of the facts to be illustrated. The single event of the rising of the host from their bed of fire to a landing upon the firm brimstone, you will see, is so accurately analyzed, and the similes are so judiciously posted at different turns in the process, that they represent to us the whole thing as a process, each simile giving us a true idea of the stage in the process to which it belongs. We are of opinion that the same power of analysis, the same sagacity in locating figures, and the same *sufficiency* and representative truthfulness of figures, will be found to characterize most of the works of this great genius; entitling him, so far at least, to the meed of superiority over many an ancient model to which he himself aspired:

'So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind THAMYRIS and blind MÆONIDES.'

Camden, New-Jersey.

THE WHITE-LAKE CREEK: A SKETCH.

BY REV. G. HUNTINGTON.

How lone and beautiful this place! Here flow
The White-Lake's waters, forcing 'midst the rocks
Their foamy pathway. High o'erhead, the trees
Of this wild forest-track branch wide around,
Forming vast, vaulted chambers, wrapt in shade
Cool and delicious. Down the varying stream,
Tempting the trout from his cold haunts,
We pass; but not with eye unmindful now,
Nature, of thy wild beauty, we renew
Our wanderings along this lonely creek.
The laurels tangled on the banks forbid
The sportsman's steps upon the shore; nor, now
That June's rejoicing sun is reigning high,
Need he regret his steps must be along
The pebby channels of the cooling stream.
Or if we rest upon some open bank,
Still cooling visions shall delight us: rocks
Dripping with foam, and beautiful with moss;
The shadowy haunt, above, of orioles;
The glassy cave of yon old trout, who scorns
Our fly and squirming bait, but darts like thought
At every luckless miller fluttering by,
With startling and exciting splash.
These shall our thoughts beguile. And we will dream
Of icy drinks that float the fragrant rind
Of the golden lemon; visions shall delight
Of water-falls by sun-bows canopied,
The fine spray flying in the restless breeze;
Of couches spread in small craft on the lake,
The air around with music sweet—with breath
Of distant hay-fields and the fragrant meads:
We'll dream of caverns in the lonely wild,
The dim light glistening from the crystallized walls;
And o'er the Stygian waters, cold as snow,
That wash the statues rude, in rock, of men
Whose battle-axes, of the flint-stone cut,
Clashed in the conflict centuries ago.
Such cooling dreams shall charm us, till again
We tempt the timid dwellers in the stream;
And the day grows rich as night steals on, like hopes
More brightly blooming 'neath Death's sable hour.

O lonely, wild, romantic stream! with thee,
And with the regions where thy waters gleam,
There are blithe memories woven: of fair youths,
Sunny and glad and winning; as with rocks
And lonely cliffs upon the ocean shore,
Majestical and rude, in Memory's glass
Are blent the images of lovely vines,
And soft, young blossoms, and the tinted moss.

Not thus, like thine, O lonely stream!
Be my life's destinies — through gloomy scenes
Perplexed and in deep solitude.
Let the soft light of true romance, indeed,
Be flowing 'round my course; but freer beams
Of heavenly sunshine be my constant lot,
With faith and hope and joy enkindling me.
Then with the free and beautiful Mongaup
Will blend thy waters, lonely 'White-Lake Creek,'
As though some pensive genius, lone and strange,
Were wedded to some maid of open face,
And fresh, fair beauty, after sorrowing years.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE LIFE OF 'RALPH ROANOKE.'

WITH A PREFACE TO THE EDITOR.

It would do your heart good, Mr. Editor, to hear the triumphant shout which has gone forth from the glad hearts of the rising generation, on finding in your valuable number for June, that 'Old Knick,' has declared in favor of the 'Rights of Children.' That able and interesting article, from the author of 'Schediasms,' has done good service to the cause of education in its broadest sense. It has aroused those 'slow coaches,' the present generation of conservative fathers and mothers, and set them to thinking; and may the light so shine upon their benighted minds that, seeing their evil ways, they may straightway abandon them.

I very much doubt whether there is any greater phenomenon in nature than the subtle instinct and early appreciation of justice to be found in children. When we remember how lasting are their early impressions, and how craving are their young minds for the *why* and *wherefore* of every thing, we should not wonder at the apparently sudden perversity of their natures, at the moment when we begin to elevate them to the standard of intelligent and responsible beings. The truth is, they have long before had heart-aches almost to bursting, at the various 'snubbings' which their infantile curiosity has brought down upon them from inconsiderate parents, who had not time, forsooth, to lend a helping idea in the early mysteries which their active brains were trying to solve; not to mention the thousand acts of injustice imposed by brute force. A fatal mistake is made in supposing their minds, wills, hearts, to be, as it were, mere blank sheets of paper, ready for *conservative impressions*, when, by the law of progression, they were *born into the world* with instincts, in very many cases, *far ahead of our experiences*, and are therefore almost perverted and estranged by being regarded as stocks and stones, at the very moment when we turn to them as ready for mental and moral culture. In the humble hope of awakening farther

thought, and eliciting other experiences on this most important subject, I send you a reminiscence from an early diary.

I commenced going to school at a very early age, and was doubtless sent for the very sage reason which operated upon the minds of most prudent parents in former days: 'to be kept out of mischief.' My first teacher was a young lady who bore the ominous name of Lynch, and I was the only male scholar in the school. The why and wherefore of this, when there were doubtless other schools in the village, I cannot attempt to explain; but I have a strong impression that my kind parents had no idea of subjecting their hopeful son to the strict discipline of the only boys' school, which was indelibly impressed upon my memory by the far-famed severity of its teacher. This worthy man went by the name of 'Old Flood;' and was so tenacious of primitive ideas, that he took his venerable name for his rule of action, so that whatever he did was not done in 'spots,' as the slang phrase of the day would have it, but in 'floods;' and if a boy got a scourging from 'Old Flood,' although it did not pour upon his devoted head for forty days and forty nights, yet, if he recovered from the effects of it in that time, he was esteemed a lucky urchin. I could not have learned much at Miss Lynch's school, not even to read, for I recollect my father's first attempt to teach me to read at a much later period. In fact, I brought away with me from that school only bitter reminiscences, one of which grew out of an early outbreak of gallantry, which I was egotistical enough to perpetuate in my veritable history.

The town of Liberty was built upon both sides of the main public road, which formed at that period the only street; and as each dwelling had its garden attached to it, the village partook of the *long and thin form*, rather than the *broad and short*, and extended over some two miles. The school-house stood exactly in the centre, on the democratic principle of equal rights; consequently the scholars residing on either end of the village had quite a long walk. It happened one morning that one of the girls forgot to bring her slate and pencil, and our strict disciplinarian was so enraged, that she ordered her to return home for them instantly. This unfortunate young girl was one of nature's tenderest flowers. Her father resided at the end of the village, and owing to the extreme cold weather and a heavy fall of snow, she had been sent to school in the family carriage, and the carriage had already been dismissed. At this command, some of the elder girls remonstrated, others declared it was enough to freeze the poor child to death, while the girl herself sobbed as if her heart would break at the harshness of the reprimand, without even realizing the task about to be imposed upon her. But in those days, no laws imposed by petticoat government could be disobeyed with impunity, on the retaliatory principle; for women were then so seldom entrusted with any brief authority, that it reminded one of the old adage of 'putting a beggar on horseback,' etc., to see one clothed with the baton of office. (I beg pardon, ladies, for this equivocal compliment; you will please remember that this is the age of progression, and women 'had n't ought to be' *now* what they 'used to *was*.') The novelty of my position, being the only young lord of creation in the school, called loudly for a display of my gallantry, and my indignation was with great

difficulty kept in respectful subjection. How gladly would I have stepped forward her champion 'to the death,' and put my veto upon the barbarous order, had I been a few years older! But the instinct of self-preservation whispered in my ear, that a box on the side of my head would send me rolling over the floor, to the evident amusement of all the school; for what child can check an impulse to laugh at any thing ludicrous? In this dilemma, I nerved myself for a middle course, and proposed a compromise, by suggesting that any other slate would do quite as well until to-morrow, to the no small admiration of the girls, who loudly seconded the motion with offers of slates all round the room. But alas! poor me; far better had I never been born than to have dared to interfere with Miss Lynch's brief authority. Alas! that I had not learned to reason from analogy, to comprehend cause and effect. Then, indeed, I might have suspected the temerity of the act. I might have known that the age of '*Lynch*' law was only one degree removed from the '*Flood*.' With the activity of an hyena she transferred her rage to me, and fairly screeched out, 'I'll teach you to mind your own business, you impudent puppy you! Put on your cap, and be off with you, and if you don't have that slate and pencil here in double-quick time, I'll make you remember me the longest day you live!' Now, by my troth, I feel it my solemn duty to record my testimony to the truth of her remark. The recollection of her ugly face and the hardships of the adventure are far more fresh and green in my memory than any remembrances of the laurels won and worn on that trying occasion. The cheerfulness with which I undertook the task had well-nigh commuted my punishment from banishment on a cold morning's walk to something more direful. I watched with anxious eye the struggle, the doubt, and finally the triumph of first resolves, as they passed rapidly through the mind of Miss Lynch, while, with door-latch in hand, I stood awaiting her final commands. Off I bounded at a round pace, singing merrily, with heart as light as the fresh air that was whistling around me. What a glorious train of high hopes and aspirations took possession of me, and kept me warm! I hugged myself with honest pride. I made speeches to myself, such as my imagination pictured would be made to me by the astonished and delighted father. I grew hungry in my enthusiasm, and debated my chances whether the grateful mother would offer me a quarter-section of pie, or only bread and butter. Of one thing I was morally certain: I was acting nobly, and would receive an appropriate reward. Under this train of thought and delightful dream, I reached the house warm and buoyant. A rap at the ponderous lion-headed knocker on the outer door brought the sable usher to his post, and his kindly smile and bland manner gave renewed assurances of a hearty welcome if the servant was a faithful prototype of his master. To my inquiry, 'Is Mr. Grumpy at home?' he answered, 'Yes, young Massa; walk in. Ain't you 'most froze? It am a berry cold mornin', and if I mout be so bold as to 'spress my 'pinion, I should kinder 'clude it must be 'portant business bro't you out dis raw day.' I told him my errand as quickly as possible, and was ushered into the presence of the father. Almost buried in an old arm-chair, lined with sheep-skin, sat

the lord of this castle, warming his gouty shins at a dashing hickory fire, which would make one's heart laugh to gaze upon now-a-days, and reading some musty old book that must have awakened but little sympathy in his old gizzard — for he was destitute of a heart.

Our entrance into the room had no visible effect upon him, and he went on reading, and would probably have read on until Gabriel's trumpet sounded his réveille, if it had not been for a stream of cold air that played 'Paul Pry,' as we opened the door. But how shall I describe my indignation, when the first word he uttered to me was a reprimand! 'What do you want here? What did you come in at that door for?' instead of knowing at a glance that I was the noble boy that had risked being frozen to death to serve his daughter, and taking me in his arms to express his approbation of my conduct. Even when told my errand, instead of making the 'amende honorable,' instead of expressing his gratitude, to say to his servant: 'Get him the slate and pencil quickly, and let him be off with himself;' and to me: 'Boy, mind you shut the door after you, or I'll teach you better manners.'

Oh, the agony of that moment! Oh, the chilling sensation awakened by such ingratitude! Never could it be forgotten; never could it be forgiven. The old brute! did he suppose it was *my* business to shut the door? What was his porter there for? The mortified look of the well-bred colored *gentleman* was some consolation, any how; and while my indignation lasted, I exulted in the ecstasy of an imaginary retaliation of leaving the door open, and breaking sundry panes of glass, to let the winds of retributive justice in upon his gouty old carcass.

With heart bursting with rage and mortification, every step I took back toward the school-house plunged the icicle of ingratitude deeper and deeper into my indignant breast; and the same winds that had whistled those buoyant melodies, and awakened those bright images as I went along, came back upon me on my return, freighted with dark and dreary thoughts, chasing away from my young imagination all the poetry of life, all the incentives to noble deeds. Long before I reached the school-house, instead of feeling the proud, high-souled, warm-hearted boy I started, I went moping along, a poor, half-frozen, weeping child. Thus in one moment, all those finer and nobler qualities of my nature that were just budding in the spring-time of life were outraged by a ruthless, unfeeling abortion of God's image, and sent back to curdle around and ossify my youthful heart. I have said that the memory of that adventure had no contrast in the form of laurels won and worn. This was literally true. I returned to the school-house, delivered the slate and pencil, taking my seat, with a charge 'to be sure and have my lessons, if I did not want to catch it.'

I was left to philosophize on my sad disappointment, and to profit by my little experience.

But, Mr. Editor, with your assistance, who are a host in your own divine right, and with the aid of your long list of able contributors, I trust the reminiscences of the present generation may portray the lights without the shadows of by-gone days.

THE GRAVE OF THE SUICIDES.

BY L. J. BATES.

I.

Oh, Mother EARTH! upon thy breast
Thy weary ones enfolding,
And through their long, unbroken rest,
Their peaceful ashes holding:
Strew gentle flowers and golden grain,
And hang the mourning willow,
Whose breath shall cool the burning brain,
And soothe the ghastly pillow.

II.

Let Morning breathe her sweetest breath
Above their stilly bosoms,
And noon-day veil their brows beneath
The shadow of thy blossoms:
And when the birds, at twilight gleam,
Have trilled their evening numbers,
Draw kindly as a pleasing dream
The curtain of their slumbers.

III.

We may not know the throbbing heart,
Proud swimmer on Life's billow,
That finds, where first the daisies start,
At last a quiet pillow:
We might not see the choking breath,
The weariness of sorrow,
That finds beneath the wing of DEATH
Its first sweet sabbath morrow.

IV.

We might not see, with genius fraught,
The mind for glory burning
Soar up beyond the stretch of thought,
And fruitless home returning:
We might not watch the daring flight
That sought the fields of heaven;
But ah! we know the starless night,
The long and cheerless even!

V.

Spread the green turf above their heads,
And fold thy mantle o'er them;
Roll, Lethe, o'er their humble beds,
And shroud the doom before them:
Strew gentle flowers and golden grain,
Each fairest, sweetest blossom,
And leave to HIM the burning brain,
Rent heart and weary bosom.

Brooklyn, August, 1852.

Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

MR. SHORT MAKES LOVE IN ROME.

I HAVE several times, during the course of my narrative, given the reader stray glances at an erratic friend, one Wolf Short, who travelled, like myself, *à la venture*, joining and rejoining us, according to convenience or fancy. Now, the Wolf had an eye for a pretty face; and in the window of an upper story of an opposite house, a very passable article of this description was to be seen peering out at all hours of the day upon the passers-by in general, and the operations of a neighboring smith and farrier in particular. At a corner house, two nice young ladies were also occasionally visible; and the Wolf solemnly averred one morning at breakfast, that it had been revealed to him in a dream, during the previous night, that two or three pretty girls lived in the third story next door. Which revelation proved a reality!

Consequently the Wolf, when not otherwise engaged, was generally to be found at the window, armed with the Chevalier's splendid opera-glass, alternately inspecting Signorina *Vis-à-vis*; the cutting, shaving, shearing, cauterizing, and bleeding of the farrier; or his corner neighbors; not to mention an occasional twist of the head upward, at the imminent risk of breaking his neck, in the direction of the third story next door.

All of which proved for several days a decidedly profitless amusement. In vain his lorgnette glances; in vain his friendly, good-morning, how-are-ye-over-there nods; in vain his affectionate kisses, shot with an imaginary bow and arrow at the hard-hearted divinities. They *would not* fraternize, and seemed to intimate, in the words of the illustrious Macaire, that all such subterfuge and vermifuge was useless.

'*I bide my time!*' remarked Wolf, one morning. '*Nil desperandum.* It will never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown; it'll never do to give it up so!'

Two days of the carnival had passed, when one morning Wolf, tired of being pelted and hustled in the Corso, returned home with a load of flowers and confetti of different descriptions, resolved to vary the amusement by pelting people from his own window. This succeeded admirably; and so absorbed did the Wolf become, that it was some time ere he remarked that his opposite neighbor had also entered largely into the business. '*Now or never,*' quoth Wolf; and as the thought entered his mind, he let fly at her a bouquet of violets, with such violence that the poor girl would probably have been brained on the spot, had it ever reached its mark. As it was, it whizzed over her shoulder into the room, breaking I know not what pitchers and pans, kettles, chairs, tables, and looking-glasses.

To which the Signorina responded with another, but being weakly sent, it fell short of its mark, (the Wolf's nose,) and, tumbling on the pavement, was at once snatched up by a dirty little boy, botanizing about the

street, who began to scream, '*Fiori — ecco Fior-r-i!*' 'Flowers for sale, good people; here they are, all hot!'

So the battle begun; and during its interval, Wolf, seeing a shower of *confetti* fall from a new quarter, looked up, and beheld three new Richmonds in the field, in the form of the three young ladies whose existence had already been revealed to him in a dream. Taking aim with a big sugar-plum, he hit the eldest on her white arm, which she had incautiously exposed; to which she replied with such a delicate *bon-bon*, that our friend at once inferred the best, and modestly held out his bandit hat, beggar-wise, into which a stream of bouquets at once rained from above.

At this stage, *Signorina Vis-à-vis*, inspired by I know not what feelings of rage and jealousy, discharged an orange at Wolf, and immediately after a hard sugar-ball of the same size, both of which fell in the room. To which the Wolf, in expressive pantomime, remonstrated that though his head was as a target entirely at her service, yet the walls and windows of the house were the property of his landlord, a poor, but industrious, and withal respectable man, who had, moreover, a family to support, and on whom any damage caused by her sugared favors would fall heavily. Hearing a mild scream above, he then looked up, and saw the elder sister waving, in wild joy, a beautiful bouquet. She motioned to him to hold his hat, which he did, and caught with pleasure the gift.

Joining together the tips of his thumbs and fore-fingers, the Wolf suddenly separated his hands, still pinching the digits together, as if drawing out a thread. This demand in pantomime was at once responded to by a long sewing-thread being let down, with a flower tied to the end, which was swung to him. 'Stronger, if you please,' shouted Wolf; with which second demand the young lady complied, by continuing the silk-thread with a substantial bit of grocery twine.

To the end of this twine Wolf at once attached his card and a splendid bouquet, which was at once hauled up in triumph, and again let down with a neat bunch of artificial flowers, and the name of his fair friend written on a queer strip of green paper.

What farther would have been done that day I know not; for just at that instant the bells and cannon proclaimed sunset, and all pelting ceased. The Wolf, donning his cloak, gloves, and bandit sombrero, sallied forth to the horse-race in the Corso, to the dinner in the Piazza di Spagna, and the subsequent opera and masked hall. As for the young ladies, they also retired, washed their hands and faces, ate dinner, and repented them of their sins.

With the earliest shouts, Wolf was again the next day at his window, well provided with artificial flowers, bouquets of natural ditto, note-paper, pencil, and thin cherry-colored ribbon. After a little preparatory skirmish with small bouquets and a few *confetti*, the twine again descended, and was again hauled up, bearing at its terminus a small box of *bons-bons*, a flower expressing emotion, and a small *billet*, all tastefully bound up in a jaunty bow of red ribbon; and was again let down with an ample equivalent.

Now, be it borne in mind, that the street below was full, yea crammed, with masquers of every description. There were bandits and Punches,

emperors and quack doctors, Sileni, devils, and dandies. And they, beholding three nice young girls hauling up a very evident *billet-doux*, tastefully adorned with present and ribbon, at once, with Italian quickness, inferred a love-affair; and, collecting in a great crowd beneath the window, watched with intense interest the process of tying on the gifts, testifying their ardent sympathy in the business by occasional shouts to Wolf, begging him to make haste as their dinners were waiting; that the young lady was sick with expectation; and that unless he hurried, Mamma would soon appear. Some of the graver sort ventured to inquire his intentions, and a facetious bear, led by a highly-rouged sylphide, chid his presumption in thus venturing to address one so much *above* him. As the note fairly swung upward, it was greeted with a tremendous shout of applause, and subjected to a fierce pelting with bouquets, which, however, like curses, only fell back on the heads of the owners, without inflicting any material injury.

After this, Signorina *Vis-à-vis* began intimating, by signs to the Wolf, that she too had something pretty for him, and in earnest thereof displayed a fine box, which, however, on account of its value, she dared not risk at a *throw*. And while in this state of blissful uncertainty, along came two youths, gaily attired as masculine Floras, or garden deities, *i. e.*, in stockinet tights and garlands of paper roses, each bearing a curious machine in his hand, so contrived that it could, like a patent fishing-rod, shoot up as high as the tops of the houses. And stopping under the window of the Signorina, they actually did shoot it up at her, with a brilliant flower attached; which she at once seized, and having nothing else by her, all the ammunition being expended, was obliged in return to give them the fine box, which she had already virtually promised to Wolf Short.

'*Adieu, my box!*' thought Wolf, as they vanished, 'and adieu, thou false-hearted one! Did I ask thee for thy sugar-plums, O treacherous Italian!'

Wolf's reverie was here interrupted by a very small, and remarkably dirty servant-girl, bearing, with the respects of her mistress, Signorina *Vis-à-vis*, the identical bouquet which had just been given her by the two garden deities!

It was in this manner that Monsieur Wolf pelted himself into the affections of his neighbors, and more than this was never revealed to me. Wolf, as I have already intimated, had an eye for a pretty face, and, to use his own expression, never considered that a lost day in which he beheld one. He kept by fits and starts all manner of diaries and journals, recording at one time all the new airs and songs of the different lands he visited, and at another chronicling all that he met peculiar in cookery. To one thing alone he was constant, *i. e.*, a memorandum of every pretty or interesting face and form which struck his fancy. As a specimen of the latter may not prove uninteresting, I subjoin a portion, communicated by him to me in an unguarded moment:

FEBRUARY 20, 1846. — 'Contrived to become acquainted with a very nice little *Anglaise*, who, with her mamma, was inspecting Pauline Bonaparte, or the *Venere Vincitrice*, in the Villa Borghese. (Mem.: No. 215, via B —.)

'Saw a deliciously pretty girl in the street, above our house. Black eyes, oval face, hair *à la Grecque*.

'Rather a nicish girl at opposite window.'

FEBRUARY 21.—'Two beautiful girls R. and Left in the chorus at opera. R. hand intensely attractive.

'Three nice demoiselles next door. The eldest an agreeable *minois chiffonné*, not exactly pretty, but something better. No. 2: Hair *chataigne foncée*. No. 3: Dresses in gray, tastefully alternated with black.

'Taglioni: Fine features, graceful. (A small essay on the style of Taglioni's expression here omitted.)

'In the ballet, one large-built girl, (*Théa*,) with immense feet and limbs, is, notwithstanding, very graceful and agreeable. Guiletta, who never smiles, is attractive from her pride.

'Very delicately shaped girl dances second in Sylphide.

'Contralto *may* be pretty in petticoats, *sans* moustache.'

FEBRUARY 22.—'Saw an exquisite *Napolitaine* in the street, tall and graceful.

'Mem.: A pretty, slim, delicious creature sat behind me last night at the opera. Fancy dress, velvet hat.

'Saw an interesting girl at Torlonia's ball. Black hair, blue eyes.

'A nice young female in the tableaux vivans.

'A lovely young creature, in white, with gold bandeau, in a carriage in the *Corso*.'

FEBRUARY 23.—'Another beautiful girl in carriage. Saw at night two extremely beautiful girls, in Turkish dresses. The Chevalier found out all about them, through our landlord, who is *in* with the police. Lovey!

Such is a specimen of the Wolf, and his ways of thinking and living. We shall probably see more of him ere our journey be ended. What my lady friends will think of him I know not, but presume that such a devotee to their charms cannot be other than favorably received. *In hoc spe vivo!*

STANZAS: LIFE'S LESSON.

If to move a mountain task you,
Stone by stone you may achieve;
But a life would fritter past you,
Toiling all at once to heave.

Like a mountain beetling lofty,
Looms the Future to our view;
But approaching Duty softly
Points at simple things to do.

Long and weary roads are threaded
Step by step unto the end;
With the present all undreaded,
While we shrink from what impend:

So with Life: the care and sorrow
Torture by fore-running fear:
Oft the evil of to-morrow,
Like the day, is never here.

B A L L A D S O F M E X I C O .

BY JAMES LINEN.

THE GREAT BATTLE ON THE PLAIN OF CEUTLA.

CORTEZ, hearing that 'the country was every where in arms,' and being cooped up in the city of Tabasco, which he had taken possession of for the crown of Castile, prepares to leave it, and march against the Indians, who are encamped on the Plain of Ceutla. He reviews his army, and appoints his officers to their respective commands. PRESCOTT says: 'The general commanded that ORDAZ should march with the foot, including the artillery, directly across the country, and attack them in front; while he himself would fetch a circuit with the horse, and turn their flank, when thus engaged, or fall upon their rear.' The Spaniards leave Tabasco; the sunrise of the misty morning; the appearance of the Tabascans, and their hideous battle-cries; the thunders of the cannon during the battle; the arrival of CORTEZ with his small troop of cavalry; St JAMES, the patron Saint of Spain, is seen heading the rescue, mounted on his gray war-horse; the Indians, panic-stricken, 'supposing the rider and the horse, which they had never before seen, to be one and the same,' fling away their arms, and fly off in confusion.

WITHIN Tabasco's wooden walls,
The streets with music ring;
Within Tabasco's Pagan halls,
The Christians matins sing;

'Tis early morn of Lady Day, the flowers still drink the dews,
While gallantly the cavalier his faithful troops reviews.

The chief's Castilian prancing steed
His rider proudly bears;
The offspring of a noble breed,
A noble look he wears.

He seems the Babieca, on which rode the Cid of Spain,
That neighing, longs to trample down the Infidels again.

See, CORTEZ heads the cavalry,
A small but valiant band;
And ORDAZ of the infantry
Now bravely takes command.

Come, OLID, LEON, AVILA; come, gallant ALVARADO,
Fight like your sires who crushed the Moors, the brave Moors of Granada!

The pennons stream, the banners wave,
The trumpets loudly blow;
While from Tabasco march the brave,
To fight the Indian foe.

No fears have they who draw the sword, so burning is the zeal
Of those who battle for the Cross, and the glory of Castile.

O'er fields of maize and dripping grass,
O'er marshes rank and wide,
The glittering troops of Christians pass,
With steps of martial pride,

Till sounds of barbarous minstrelsy break on their startled ear,
And dimly seeming legions of the dusky foes appear.

Round as MINERVA's gilded shield
That on her temple stood,
The sun springs up o'er Ceutla's field,
Red as a globe of blood:
And melts the misty covering where, marshalled, are concealed
Full forty thousand armed men, who savage weapons wield.

Now loudly wild Tabascans yell,
And curse the Spanish name;
So, MESA, charge the cannon well,
And fire with deadly aim:
To hostile ranks confusion send, and soon the fierce array
Of feather-crested warriors shall, vanquished, flee away.

The Indians stretching far and wide,
With lightning in their glance,
Now, quick as flows the surging tide,
Mid savage cries advance:
On helmet, buckler, 'escapil,' in showers their arrows fall,
But fail to kill, while on their gods they, frantic, loudly call.

The heavy guns their thunders roar,
The marshy meadows shake;
And echoes, never heard before,
From slumber startled wake.
The horrid scene of smoking blood the boldest heart appals,
And priests and gods alike are dumb to patriotic calls.

The death-storm rages on the plain
Where slaughtered thousands lie;
And files, that open, close again
Where balls and arrows fly:
The weary Christians, closely pressed by a brave and stubborn foe,
With spear in hand, deal right and left full many a deadly blow.

But see! yon Indian columns heave
With panic-struck dismay;
'Tis CORTES and his horsemen cleave
Through maddened ranks their way!
'San Jago and San Pedro!' the soldiers bravely cry,
And dash through fierce battalions, that now affrighted fly.

The eye of Faith without a stain,
Undimmed by guilt or doubt,
Could clearly see the Saint of Spain
The Unbelievers rout.
Well mounted on his gray war-horse, like some chivalrous knight,
Who proudly throws the gauntlet down, for lady fair to fight.

The combat's o'er: this awful morn,
So pregnant with dark fears,
Shows squadrons slain, and banners torn,
And bloody swords and spears:
But now the sun propitious shines where all was sullen gloom;
The Christians march to victory — the Pagans to their doom!

New-York, September, 1852.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

MR. BODGERS MAKES A WILL, BUT DOES NOT SIGN IT.

‘THERE is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty; the seeking of a fortune then is but a desperate after-game: it is a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes, and recover all.’
COWLEY.

It is a disagreeable thing for a bachelor to make his will. He is disposed to put it off to a very late day. It implies a certain hopelessness of any nearer ties than belong to his present lonely estate. It is a tacit acknowledgment that the world of feeling has waned; that the hazards of youth have been fruitless; that the path lies straight, and short, to the end. No man likes to feel this; still less does he like to act as if he felt it.

It is really a sad thing that a man cannot carry a few ten per cent. paying stocks out of the world with him. It would be a great relief to many of our brokers and capitalists. It would soften the way of a vast many people to the grave. It would excite brilliant expectations. I think I know of several, ladies and gentlemen, who, in that event, might hope to ‘make a sensation’ in the other world. Only fancy ‘an heiress’ in the realm of spirits; or a broker; or a heavy dealer in leather or pork! The very hint of such a pleasant transfer of worldly property, if deftly conveyed in the money article of the *Herald*, might possibly create a rise at the board.

I may venture to say, however, that such a thing cannot be done. If such transfer could be accomplished any where, it could be accomplished in Wall-street. It cannot be done in Wall-street. It is unfortunate; it is lamentable. And the worst of the matter is, that we do not find out the impossibility of the thing, until we come very near to the jumping-off place. Then, when the melancholy truth forces itself upon us, that all our stocks will be at a cent. per cent. discount in the other world, we conceive the idea of being generous. It would be an odd sort of generosity, if it were not so very popular.

Only on one occasion do I remember being forced into a summing up of my worldly effects, with this generous intent. It was on the occasion of the ruptured engagement, hinted at in the first chapter—I refer to the blonde of twenty-one. Life seemed to me then of a deep-blue color; and I allowed myself to anticipate a speedy departure from all objects of earth—my small amount of six per cents. among them.

I recovered, however, from the disappointment, and from any intention of making my will. At present, I live, like the mass of both large and small capitalists, with a tolerably sincere conviction that property is property, and life, life; that both will be enjoyed for an indefinite period

of years; and that possibly something *may* turn up, meantime, by which our property shall bridge us comfortably over death, and help us on the other side.

I do not mean to say that such opinions are openly avowed, but people live very much as if they entertained them; and this is my apology for putting them down.

To return, however, to Mr. TRUMAN BODGERS: there was a strong reason for his making his will, independent of any mistrust he might have about carrying his property with him. Without a will, his estate, which, as I have already hinted, is large, would follow the leading of the law, and revert to certain heirs, about whom Mr. BODGERS knew nothing.

To explain this extraordinary circumstance, which, I frankly confess, seems more like a fiction of the novel-writers than the simple incident of a family narrative, I must be suffered to go back a step or two in the history of Mr. BODGERS.

Mr. BODGERS had a brother much older than himself, who died long ago. This brother, very much against the wish of old Mr. BODGERS, had married a dashing lady of the town, who survived him in a long and blooming widowhood, relieved by the presence of one little girl, and by the added charms of a life in Paris. The old gentleman being a sturdy disciplinarian, and having cut off the son, was very little disposed to follow the widow to Paris. Indeed, report said she led an evil life, and that, under a changed name, she gave herself up to such of the gayeties of French life as are very apt to play the mischief with a self-indulgent woman.

My hero, TRUMAN BODGERS, grew up with very little knowledge of his elder brother, and with far less of the widow; who, long before the younger brother had arrived at manhood, had disappeared, under her assumed name, in the coteries of the German springs. Rumor had whispered several times of the marriage of the daughter to some needy American adventurer; but the alliance was not one which would warrant boastfulness, even in an adventurer. The whole connection had long ago proved itself an unwelcome one to Mr. BODGERS, and it is not strange that he should banish it from his thought in the drafting of his will.

Having thus cleared up, so far as I am able, this bit of family history, I take the liberty of introducing EBENEZER BIVINS, Esq., legal adviser of Mr. BODGERS, and Justice of the Peace.

Mr. BIVINS is a lean, lank man, in silver-bowed spectacles, and a snuff-colored wig. His spectacles ordinarily repose a long way down upon the bridge of a very sharp nose, yet cheerfully red. His wig is stiff, and glides off over a somewhat greasy coat-collar, in one of those graceful curves which belong to the sheet-iron roofs of a Chinese verandah. He has sharp speech, and a sharp laugh, although a very self-possessed one.

He has a respect for Newtown, as the home and birth-place of Mr. BIVINS; he has a respect for the world and for nature, as having been the play-ground and the nurse of Mr. BIVINS, when in infancy. He has a respect for summer, since it is a season which allows Mr. BIVINS to economize in fuel; he has a respect, too, for winter, since it is a season which allows Mr. BIVINS to enjoy that triumph over the elements and nature, which his foresight and prudence have prepared.

You would naturally (and correctly) suppose him to be the father of a lean young lady, of hopeless maidenhood and sharp voice, who is extremely neat, who wears a quilted petticoat of yellow and red, who delights in boxing the ears of the small boys of her class in Sunday-school, and who boasts the name of MEHITABEL BIVINS.

It has always been a wonder to me, and I dare say always will be, how any woman in the world could commit the absurdity of ever loving such a man as EBENEZER BIVINS, or indeed any one of that class of men. It has cost me serious reflection. How is it possible, I have thought, for a woman to fondle, in the loving way the poet speaks of, a man in a snuff-colored wig, projecting at such a sharp angle, over a greasy coat-collar? How can it be possible to kindle any romantic enthusiasm about such a peaked, red-colored nose, or such thread-bare pantaloons, so short in the legs!

Yet Mr. BIVINS and Mrs. BIVINS have no doubt had their poetic transports; they have loved, been coy, advanced, retreated, cooed, kissed, and been married, like all the rest of the world. Still, I cannot forbear wondering. I waste a great deal of wonder in the same way. I am not ambitious of becoming the subject of a similar wonder.

Mr. BIVINS is sitting before an open wood-fire, where two or three sticks are smouldering sulkily, throwing out a little smoke over the front of the stove, and a little smoke out of the stove-joints, (poorly calked with burnt putty,) and a little more smoke out of the easy scape-hole to the chimney. The tall book-case, with its reports and statutes, are comfortably browned with smoke; and the baize-topped desk, and the leather-bottomed chairs, and the round interest-table hanging on the wall, and the Christian Almanac, and the cotton umbrella in the corner, and the snuff-colored wig of Mr. BIVINS, all smell of smoke.

The ashes in the stove are crusted over, and honey-combed, like volcanic tufa, with old discharges of tobacco-juice; and the andirons show ancient, ashy drapers, formed by the continuous tobacco-drip of gone-by days and months. A few russet apple-parings and cores, half covered with soot, relieve the volcanic aspect of the ashes; and a broken ink-bottle rises from the débris, like some monument of art amid the ruins of Pompeii.

Mr. BIVINS is most happy to see Squire BODGERS. He removes his spectacles, gives his pantaloons a toilet hitch in a downward direction, and passing his hand with a rapid precautionary movement over the surface of his wig, throws himself back in his chair, with an air, as much as to say, 'You are welcome, Mr. BODGERS, for a handsome consideration, to the present employ of the superior legal acquirements of Squire BIVINS.' And he gives emphasis to this silent offer of services, by projecting a very violent column of aqueous matter upon the andirons, the apple-parings, and the ashes, before referred to.

Mr. BODGERS draws up his chair, touches Mr. BIVINS upon the knee, and drops a quiet gesture toward a young man busily writing in the corner.

'Ah, Mr. FLINT, will you be kind enough to step into the inner office for a few moments?'

Mr. FLINT retires to the inner office; but the partition is thin; and

busy as he tries to make himself with his own thoughts, the frequent mention of KITTY FLEMING, coupled with 'thousands,' and 'seven per cents,' and 'event of her death,' and 'event of my death,' and 'Mrs. FLEMING,' disturbs him very strangely.

The truth is, Mr. HARRY FLINT, for this is no other, with few friends in the world, living with an old aunt, and having none to care for save a sweet wee-bit of sister who clings to him every morning, and who welcomes him every evening with a pair of snowy little arms, and a kiss — HARRY FLINT, I say, has been foolish enough to conceive a strong fondness for KITTY FLEMING. He has done this, notwithstanding he has heard all the rumors about herself and Mr. BODGERS; he has done this, notwithstanding she has gone away to find new and more brilliant favorites in the city.

Entertaining such views, it is quite natural that he should be shocked, now that he comes to overhear, unintentionally, some of the details of the marriage settlement with Mr. BODGERS. HARRY FLINT is not without spirit, although he has passed his life in Newtown. Indeed, he has only lingered there through the influence of certain attachments, at which I have hinted.

He recalls now all KITTY's words, and her smiles, and her leave-taking, so gentle and tremulous; and he recalls all her little kindnesses to BESSIE FLINT, (as if a good-hearted girl would do any less,) and wonders if it all conveyed nothing of hope, nothing of trust, on which *he* might feed?

And old Mr. BODGERS — clumsy BODGERS, (guard yourself, HARRY FLINT!) can it be? — can KITTY FLEMING love him? Yet he is not so old; a ripe-hearted man; living proudly in the old paternal mansion: KITTY would honor it; KITTY would love it, perhaps. KITTY, KITTY! are these things worth more to you than the overflowing fondness of a young, strong-beating heart, aching to pour out its fulness of love?

HARRY FLINT walks back and forth across the inner office: and then he hearkens a moment.

'KITTY is a smart girl,' says Squire BIVINS.

'An angel,' says Mr. BODGERS. And why should he not say it, Mr. HARRY FLINT?

'She'll make a clever woman,' says Mr. BIVINS.

'I hope she may, Squire BIVINS; I know it, Squire,' (a strong thump upon the table here;) 'I shall guard her, Sir; I shall watch her; she shall have every thing heart can desire.'

Poor HARRY FLINT, struggling for your own support, and that little one which HEAVEN has cast upon your kind keeping, what can you offer of worldly goods? What fancies could you indulge? And the poor fellow tries hard to choke his sentiment with philosophy. Could he be ungenerous enough to tie that sweet creature to his uncertain fortunes? But the trial is over now. The hope that burned in him is gone out.

Yet, so strange is the lithe heart of youth, a new one takes its place. Tied no longer to that little corner of country, he will brave the world, and win a fortune; and if no dearer recipient of his bounty can be found, he will lavish it upon the tender sister, who is growing every day in beauty and in grace.

There is a change in HARRY FLINT when he goes home that day.

Nor less fondly does he clasp little BESSIE; and stroking the hair from her forehead, he repeats his kisses oftener than ever before. Our loves are, after all, like rivers, which, if they be shut up here and there in their courses, will flow swift into side-channels, pushing always onward! With the fire and pride of youth upon him, HARRY FLINT decides to try his venture upon a broader field; and in a month, his arm and heart will struggle amid the whirl of a great city. The struggles of the country are light, and moderately rewarded; but those of the city are stern and strong, and they bring ruin or else renown.

There is no prouder sight in this American world of ours than that of youth flinging off all the bondage of circumstance, trampling down, if need be, the memory of by-gone griefs, and measuring his fate, with a stout hand and heart, against the roar and vices of the world. He may be sure that singleness of purpose will bear him up, and earnestness of endeavor will bear him on, to accomplish just so much of work, and to win so much of renown, as his fullest capacities can grasp. Nothing lies in the way—thank God!—but the feebleness of individual effort. There are no old walls of privilege to batter down; there are no locks upon intellectual attainment that need a golden key. Strike out boldly, friend HARRY; the world is wide; and although the memory of a love which *might have been* may haunt your eventide hours, and make your affections droop, warm hearts are beating every where; and little blue-eyed BESSIE, wearing the mother's face, and more and more the mother's figure, shall steal upon your remembrance, like a golden sun of autumn upon the skirts of winter.

Mr. BODGERS finishes his will. He does not, however, sign it. He is a calculating man: he will keep it by him until the next day; some new legacy may occur to him. And yet, without the name, it is no better than so much paper. What a waste of good feeling and of kindly intent lie buried between the crude technicalities of the law!

Squire BIVINS, being, as he thinks, a shrewd man, argues from all this, that Mr. BODGERS is plainly intent upon marrying, not KITTY, but the widow FLEMING. He even ventures to hint in a sly way, looking very drolly over his spectacles' bows, that 'the widow is an uncommonly smart sort of a person.'

Mr. BODGERS assents gravely.

Mr. BIVINS, smoothing the curve of his wig behind, thinks 'she would make a capital wife for the Squire.'

Mr. BODGERS says, emphatically—'Fudge!'

If any widow ladies translate this expression into a reflection upon their worth and attractions, I shall simply say that it is a disingenuous construction. Mr. BODGERS was undoubtedly referring to Mrs. PHÆBE FUDGE.

Whatever may be thought of the FUDGE, or its significance, Mr. BODGERS certainly did walk from the office of Mr. BIVINS straight toward the home of Mrs. FLEMING. The thought of marrying her, however, I do not think once occurred to him. Middle-aged men, who have tender recollections of their own, of lost ones, are not apt to fall in love with middle-aged widows; at least such is not my own experience.

Mr. BODGERS was anxious to have the last news of KITTY: and he

threw himself, quite at ease, into an old arm-chair; and having placed his hat beside him, in the methodic way that belongs to him, and thrown his yellow bandanna within it, he listens to Mrs. FLEMING, as she reads to him a bit, here and there, from the last letter of KITTY.

Meantime, Mr. BODGERS looks earnestly into the fire, musing, in a philosophic vein: how it was once with him, and how it is once with us all; cheer, and joy, and sadness; and then, perhaps, decay and blight, and only glimpses of cheer; and at length, desolation, and the end.

'I am well, and happy,' writes KITTY; 'indeed, I am only not happy when I think of the distance that lies between us. You will smile because I make so much of so little distance. I am no great traveller, you know; and when I think of the strange things here—of all the noise, and the crowds, and the new faces, and the thronged streets—and then, a little while after, think of the dear, quiet home I have left, and the good friends, and the old parlor, with its sunny blaze upon the southern window, and the hyacinths shooting higher and higher in the parlor warmth, and of you, dear mother, sitting there alone, it seems a very great way off!'

'My cousins are very kind to me.'

Mr. BODGERS nods his head, as if he would say, 'No wonder.'

'Aunt PHOEBE I do not see very often, or cousin WILHELMINA; although they talk very kindly, more kindly than the other cousins; but yet, I cannot help thinking, they are not so kind. They have a beautiful house; but I never feel at home there. Uncle SOLOMON is so grave and so important that there is no loving him, even if he were willing to be loved.'

'Umph,' says Mr. BODGERS.

'I have a gift for you, Mamma; a rich, warm shawl, which I am sure will keep you all the warmer, because your own KITTY has bought it for you. You must not think me extravagant: you know I told you that Uncle TRUMAN had filled my purse for me. Is he not very kind?'

Mr. BODGERS takes occasion to look after his yellow bandanna. He likes to see that it is safe—that is all.

'You do not know how eagerly I am hoping for the time when I shall be at home with you once more. I like the city, and feel sure that I am gaining somewhat here; but it is not, after all, the old home, with the sunshine, and the flowers, and the walks, and you, dear Mamma!

'I shall be there when the birds come, and the garden is made again, and we will be so happy.

'God bless you, Mamma: and do not, and I am sure you will not, ever forget to love your own KITTY.'

'POSTSCRIPT.—Give my love to Uncle TRUMAN, and ask him if he is not coming to see us soon?'

'Very soon,' thinks Uncle TRUMAN.

'Another Postscript.—Pray what has become of HARRY FLINT and all the rest? Do write me. I love to hear about every body. KITTY.'

'Umph!' says Mr. BODGERS; 'a beautiful letter, Mrs. FLEMING.'

And if Mr. BODGERS were more learned in those pretty deceptions which a young girl forces upon her own heart, he would not admire her second postscript, or stroll in so pleasant humor toward his lone home.

Not that Mr. BODGERS is in love with KITTY FLEMING. Men of his age, they say, have outlived such weaknesses. Perhaps so. And yet Mr. BODGERS, with his forty-odd years upon his head, does feel from time to time a kind of spasmodic action of the heart; a sort of restless, inquisitive yearning; an unsatisfied, eager longing, which he cures for the time being by calling up some such healthful, blooming, cheerful, earnest girl-face as that of little KITTY.

It seems very absurd in him to do so, and he condemns it very stoutly, but very silently. If accused of it, he would deny it with perfect confidence, I feel sure.

'Forty-five,' muses Mr. BODGERS; 'it is not so very old. Many men marry later, and young girls at that. Thirty-five would be better: and KITTY—let me see—must be nineteen. KITTY is a sensible girl, very mature for her years; a sweet girl is KITTY, very.'

'Fudge! nonsense!' muses Mr. BODGERS; 'what an old fool I am becoming!'

Thereupon Mr. BODGERS takes his will from his pocket, and reads it over, commending its provisions; all, is not too much for KITTY. And in this mood he enters his lonely home. Very silent it is, with all its comforts. No little canary-singer on the wall welcomes him; there are no dainty hands to care for such sweet songsters. The fire is burning cheerily, but it lightens no pleasant faces. The afternoon sun comes stealing into the western windows blithely; as blithely as twenty-odd years gone by; as blithely as it will do twenty years to come.

Mr. BODGERS sits down under the warm rays, and tries hard to be cheerful. He runs over the outlines of his property; he sums up his large estate; but this gives no special cheer. He indulges in the recollection of some happy speculation; yet he grows no gayer. He recalls the fairy movements of little KITTY as she moved about that very parlor, in attendance upon his poor, blind mother; but even this does not make him cheerful.

He throws off his brown surtout, and strides across the room with a vigorous step; and glances at the mirror; and gives his hair a twist, and looks again, and half sighs. He is not growing cheerful, by any manner of means.

He feels the years creeping on him, (as we all do,) with their frailties and feebleness, and halting pulse, and sinking cheek. And memories brood in the twilight around the corners of his room, making him all the lonelier for these spectral visitants of his brain: harsh memories of losses and of deaths, of sickness and of sorrow; pleasant memories of smiles, and laughter, and rejoicings; but all leaving him only quieter, soberer, lonelier!

What a sunbeam in the old home would not KITTY make! If her pleasant face was only beaming there with half the gladness that he has seen upon it; if her pleasant voice was witching his ear, or she, leaning quietly upon his shoulder, growing sad with his sadness, looking as he looks upon the changing fire-play; imaging unconsciously his brightest thought in her own sweet, placid face!

Ah, TRUMAN BODGERS, TRUMAN BODGERS! if——

But I shall end my chapter here.

THE RHYME OF THE DÉPÔT.

I.

VANITY of vanities,
Climax of vexation,
Waiting for the cars
'At a rail-road station:
Thinking every moment
That the train will go,
Worrying out an hour
In a small dépôt!

II.

Sultry summer day,
Hot Sahara weather,
Motley crowd of people
Huddled up together;
Crowded in a room
Filled with 'loafers' smoking,
Wits and politicians
Arguing and joking.

III.

Every class of people
In this mighty nation,
Fully represented
In the rail-road station.
Restless, whistling Yankee,
With impatient tread,
Wishes that the cars
Would just 'go ahead'!

IV.

Funny little Frenchman,
With ejaculations,
Shows his great impatience
In gesticulations.
Rowdy at the glass,
With a fierce moustache,
Obviously thinks
That he cuts a 'dash.'

V.

Corpulent old fellow,
Looking very wise,
With a lazy yawn
Closes up his eyes;
Waiting for the cars,
It is no wise odd
That he takes a train
To the land of *Nod*!

VI.

Eager politician,
Closing up his peepers,
Runs off in a train
Laid on *heavy sleepers*;

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Paper in his hand,
So the stranger teaches,
He was lulled to sleep
By Kosburn's long speeches!

VII.

Philosophic stranger
Says the cars are late,
But we all must learn
'To labor and to wait.'
Suddenly is heard
An unearthly scream;
'T is the engineer
Letting off the steam!

VIII.

Universal rush
For the narrow door,
Half-a-dozen sprawling
On the muddy floor:
One would think the people,
Crowding in so fast,
Thought that every moment
Was to be their *last*.

IX.

Every one impatient,
Every body grumbling,
Train at length comes in
With tremendous rumbling:
Like a band of furies
From the realms below,
Wildly rush the inmates
Of the small dépôt.

X.

Elbowed, jammed, and crowded,
We may thank our stars
If we find a seat
In the rail-road cars:
Chuckling with delight,
With congratulation,
That we have escaped
From that rail-road station.

XI.

Worst of little miseries
That in life beset us,
Greatest of the troubles
That for ever fret us,
Waiting one long hour
For the cars to go,
Elbowed, jammed, and crowded
In a small dépôt!

J. S.

A TRIP TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS.

BY VIATOR.

XII.

'THE TIGER.'

'Down with your bets, gentlemen! Cheques, Sir? Halves or quarters? Change for yours, Sir? Five, seven, ten; b'lieve that's right. Give us another call.'

The man who made the above remarks was a tall, stout, close-shaven personage, about forty years of age, with a sky-blue cravat, ruffled shirt, rather dirty, and a flashy vest. There was something in the expression of his eye and the tone of his voice that seemed familiar; but neither Mr. Riverman nor I could remember where we had seen him. He appeared to be officiating as change-taker, and doing the honors of the saloon, if the rough, unfurnished room, lighted with dim lamps and tallow candles, could be dignified with that name. We had strolled in after the ball to see what was to be seen. The change-maker stood by the side of a large pile of bank-notes and specie, and of ivory cheques, representatives of coin, which were arranged on one corner of a table covered with green baize, on the front of which were fastened cards of all the different suits. Behind the table was seated the gentleman who, on the night of our arrival, had so obligingly escorted us to the spring. He was slowly dealing out from a metal box the cards of a pack, and depositing them alternately on one or the other of two piles before him, pausing at intervals to distribute cheques to those who were lucky enough to have cheques or change on the cards of the table corresponding in denomination to that turned up on one pile, and to rake in the deposits of those whose cards corresponded with that on the 'bank' pile.

About a dozen persons were standing in front of the table, more or less engaged in play. One or two occasionally 'tried their luck' by throwing down a quarter or a half dollar, with comparative indifference as to whether they lost or won. Others intently watched the course of the game, and seemed to be guided, to some extent, in making their moderate bets by the movements of a third class of old players who, with printed lists of the cards in their hands, aided their memory by marking all that were out. Little was said at the table; but, after a pack had been dealt out, some would step aside to a stand where a dinky gratuitously dispensed whiskey, brandy, and other stimulants to renewed efforts; and many recitals of what men had done, and what they meant to do, might here be heard. One was going to break the bank or get broke, before he left the Springs; another would risk five or ten dollars more, and then quit; a third liked to come in occasionally, and throw away five dollars or so, 'for the fun of the thing.' One or two appeared very thoughtful, as if hesitating whether to try it again,

evidently casting a lingering look at lost dollars, absorbed in the banker's pile. Among these is our acquaintance Williams, whom we had observed as not very successful with the previous play. Sydney is trying to prevail on him to leave, and he is half inclined to go, when the voice of Mr. Gambeadle (who has been circulating all around the room) is heard calling upon gentlemen to down with their bets; an invitation too tempting to be resisted, and Williams walks with the others to the table, lays down a half dollar, wins; down with the dollar, wins again, and stakes the two dollars. Again Fortune favors him, and yet a fourth time. He gathers up his cheques with an air, as if it were nothing unusual; and is about to place them on another card, when Sydney stops him, and they have a discussion apart. To our unsophisticated eyes, eight dollars out of fifty cents seems to be a pretty good operation, and we begin to feel some interest that he should retain his winnings, and risk no more. Sydney appears to have triumphed, for Williams goes up to Mr. Gambeadle, and gets money for his cheques. Just then his eyes light once more upon the table, so temptingly before him. We hear him say to his cousin: 'I tell you what it is, now, I understand the game; can just as well double my winnings as not;' he walks up, looks over a check-list of one of the players, and his countenance becomes intensely pale as he watches the movements of others; hesitating until but two or three cards remain to be drawn from the pack, finally he ventures. How strange if he should win five times in succession! But he don't; the eight dollars are added to the banker's pile. He turns to Sydney, with a forced smile and a don't-care swagger; asks some body to give him a piece of tobacco, and the two stroll leisurely out. Such is 'the tiger,' as the faro-table is called at the Springs: why, I never could learn.

There are plenty of people who play with the animal, and of course some get awfully scratched before the end of the season.

XIII.

A SPORTING GENTLEMAN.

Having left soon after Messrs. Williams and Sydney, we shortly found company by our side in the shape of Mr. Gambeadle, who saluted us with the remark that it was a very dark evening: 'Immense deal of rain lately; don't know when the weather will be settled.' We immediately recognized in him the prisoner who had been so facetious from behind the jail-bars at the Warm Springs. He had parted with a large pair of bushy whiskers he wore then, which prevented our recalling him to mind before. He proceeded, in a low tone, somewhat as follows:

'Got to the Springs 'most as soon as you; though did n't look much like it when you saw me cooped up there like a fowl, eh? Fact is, 't was a devilish mean thing. A man I took for a friend; treated same as a brother; we roomed together at Bath Alum. I had occasion to go and visit a friend some ten miles off; and, as my trunk was left on the road, I took the liberty of putting on a suit of his clothes which was hanging in his room; did n't think there was any harm in it, though did n't ask him, 'cause he did n't happen to be thar jest then. Not least

idea of being gone more than a day; was kept a week. Waat does the fellow do but has me arrested for stealing his toggery. Jest as if I'd any object in taking a pair o' old breeches that bu'st out before I'd worn them a day. No jury in the world would ever believed it; and I was n't at all consarned about being convicted; but then I happened to be a stranger jest thar, and could n't get no bail; and it was d——d disagreeable the idea of being locked up in that cussed little hot-hole for two or three weeks. The fact is, that's all the feller wanted. He was in the sporting business, and he wanted to get me snagged up for a while, so that he could come here and get the start of me, the mean scamp! Ef he'd a been frank, and told me he wanted to go shares, I'd a took 'im in in a minit, for I tho't he was a honorable man. Wal, he did n't accomplish nothing, for a friend of mine was up here, who came down and got security; and we've got the only decent room that's here. The sporting men would n't have nothing to do with him, and so he's gone off with his tail between his legs.

'How long you been here? I know'd you the minit you entered the room; but s'posed you would n't like to be seen too familiar with me thar, you know, so I come out to take a little fresh air and let you know how 't was, you know; because I don't care 'bout having much said about it, you know; for sich things sometimes hurts a feller's character, you know, even though he gets clared.'

Having delivered himself of this explanation, Mr. Gambeadle seemed greatly relieved; and as it was too dark to damage our reputation by being seen with a gambler, we extended our walk some distance, listening to such details as he seemed disposed to give us, concerning his particular department in life at the Springs.

He was inclined to bewail the falling-off in the taste for sport of all kinds during the last few years, at these Springs. The people who came there now were of the more staid and sober order, and most of the young bloods went off to the north.

'Thar's Newport and Saratoga gits all the kind of custom that used to come here. I've seen the time when thar was business enough for four or five 'banks,' beside billiards, and all that sort of thing. And then the turf—that seems to be goin' down here, too. Why, it used to be a sight here of a morning to see 'em trying the speed of their blooded horses. And at all the courses down south, at Baltimore and Washington, *specially*, there was a raälly fashionable attendance. They did n't leave every thing to the jockeys and Jake Dickson sort of fellers, in those days. The gentlemen all over the country entered their nags. But now, you know, thar's only jest a handful of regular betting boys here. Most of them that plays only puts down a picayune or so; though I must say I like that kind of custom the best where there's only enough of it to keep us lively; cos generally a gentleman that loses five, ten, or fifteen dollars in half-dollar bets, don't care much about it; but your high-fly fellers who bets by the hundred at a time often gets cleaned out entirely, and it becomes known of course, you know, and there's a devil of a talk about the sporting men, and they are going to have us kicked out, and all that sort of thing, as if we had n't played fair, or he was obliged to bet so large. Wal, you see, on the other hand, supposing

the feller wins, why one of these big hauls may pretty nearly clean us out, and then the gentleman perhaps walks off, and lives like a fighting cock on his winnings; never thinks he's bound in honor to give us another call, and give us a chance to win it back.

'Thar was one young chap thar to-night, Williams, played that game on us last year; won five hundred dollars the first night we opened, and never darkened our doors afterwards: but I reckon we're even this year. Along at first he bet rayther high; the luck was on our side: finally he's come down to the half-dollar stakes, and is always sure to return in hopes of better luck.' He paused a moment, and continued: 'After all, I do n't wish the feller any harm, and I have a great mind to tell some friend of his what I heard to-day. You seem to know him, and I'll tell you, jest to convince you that I'm not such a unfeelin' sort of a chap as I dare say you think I am.'

I told Mr. Gambeadle that, though not particularly intimate with Mr. Williams, yet, if I could serve him in any way, I should be glad to do so.

'Wal, it may be of some use to him to know it, in which case it will be our loss; may be no use; jest as he is inclined toward the lady. It's jest this: Thar's a rich lady here they say he's courtin'. She's got a very pretty colored gal, who told a sweet-heart o' hern here, that her mistress was very much afraid Mr. Williams was gambling hard, in which case she would have nothing to do with him. I told the feller to keep mum to the gal about his visits to our place, for I never will betray a gentleman.'

'I suppose,' said Mr. Riverman, 'you think if he succeeds in getting the rich lady, you may transfer some of her change to your table, through his pockets.'

'Wal, now that's rayther a ungenerous inference, I must say. 'Fraid you do n't think me fit to be a deacon in your church. However, here's to better acquaintance (tossing off a glass of sulphur-water, for we had gone around the grounds, and were now at the spring). Good evening, gentlemen; give us another call:' and Mr. Gambeadle returned to his post.

XIV.

MISCELLANY.

THE fine position of the White Sulphur among the mountains, the long-established reputation of its waters, the fact that it is the centre of a large group of remarkable mineral springs, have, all together, given it the first place in rank among the Virginia watering-places. But the waters of many other springs closely resemble those here, and the Warm, the Hot, or the Sweet Springs are much more remarkable. One sees here, too, comparatively little of the gayety and fashionable display which is to be found at other places more accessible by rail-road, such as Newport, Saratoga, or Sharon, at the north; or Capon, Warrenton, Berkley, and Shannondale, at the south. Formerly, the White Sulphur water was regarded, at the north, as more efficacious than any other to invalids requiring brimstone treatment; but the springs at Sharon, Richfield, and Avon, in New-York, have been found to possess quite as much efficacy in the majority of cases; and this, together with the superior accom-

modation lately provided there, has drawn off a large portion of the northern company which formerly assembled at the White Sulphur. A majority of the visitors at Greenbrier are from states south of Virginia, and among them are a number of families who have been in the habit of spending many successive summers here, their cotton and rice plantations being unendurable in the hot weather, except to the negroes.

Now and then a private carriage, of old-fashioned, lumbering make, with continental baggage conveniences on the top, two, sometimes four, fat, rather sluggish-looking horses, and two or three servants, male and female, before and behind, will drive up to the door of the reception-room, and having received the proper directions, pass on to the cabin which has been previously spoken for, where every arrangement will be quickly made for a long sojourn, all parties evidently feeling perfectly at home. The most of these equipages are from the Carolinas, and from places that are off from the regular stage-routes. Before the stage-lines were as convenient as they now are, a majority of the visitors came in this way, and then the farmers say that the Springs made a good market for hay and oats, much better than at present. Even now, there is a fascination about this mode of travelling where one can afford it, which will give it the preference over all other conveyances to those who travel for pleasure. To start and stop when you please; ride in the cool of the morning and evening, avoiding the heat of the day; to meet with old acquaintances in the host and hostesses of the farm-house inns, where the best of fare is always reserved for 'carriage folks;' and, when you arrive at the Springs, to have a conveyance always at command, and need no exertion to 'fill an extra,' is all very pleasant. But where there are only one or two in your party, the stage supplies company, and you see more of the world.

Let us take a seat under the trees with that group of gentlemen. A dashing young buck has been detailing the wonderful time made by his trotter on the last drive, to a sharp young lawyer from Baltimore, who remarks that 'it would be strange if such a *fast* man did not drive a *fast* horse;' and the owner of the trotter expresses the hope that he do n't mean any insinuations. A third person exclaims on the beauty of a lady walking with Sydney to the bowling alley; and, looking up, we see Miss Dalton, who must be among the last arrivals. Mr. Williams follows with Miss Cushing, at sight of whom the young buck observes that, 'Talking of *fast* men, that Williams is a bird; he's always playing with the tiger, except when he's walking with Miss Cushing.' 'Does Sydney play any, Tom?' is the inquiry of a fourth. 'Oh, no; he seems to be acting the part of Mentor to Williams, who, on the other hand, thinks that Sydney is under his particular charge. It is amusing to hear him talk about Syd's being a mere boy, just out of college, and ready to fall in love with every pretty face he meets, while Williams evidently thinks himself a perfect man of the world. Who are they, any how?'

'They are cousins, from Prince George's county. Sydney has some property; Williams has run through nearly all he ever had. He's a good-hearted sort of a fellow, but is possessed with the notion of marrying a fortune, and thinks Miss Cushing has one. Do n't he wish he may get it? Sydney has studied medicine, and knows what he's about.

But who's that with Mrs. Cushing?' 'That's old Larch, who has almost as much that is false about him as the Honorable Jim Brennum, who comes along there, dressed in boyish costume, (though he'll never see sixty again,) with that pretty little South Carolina girl on his arm. There is always some such old fool as that at every watering-place, who seems to come here expressly to make himself ridiculous for the amusement of people. There's Easy with Mrs. Snubbs, I declare. He's with her all the time.'

'Seems to me there's a deal of love-making this year. There's Willson and Miss Rivernan: he danced with her about five times last night.'

Thus they while away the hour, commenting now upon horses and dogs; then on the people as they pass, until the first bell rings for dinner.

See that elderly gentleman, who arrived a few hours since with his coach and four. He joins a group, most of whom salute him as an old acquaintance.

There is something a little forbidding in his aspect at first, a sort of aristocratic hauteur; but speak to him, and you will see a pleasant smile light up his features. He has the grace and ease of one who has always seen the best of society, and the cordiality which a long habit of dispensing hospitality on a plantation, with all appliances and means to boot, has given him.

'All appliances!' Yes; that's a wonderful element in hospitality! Those who have slaves to do their bidding can well afford to be more social than the northerners, with all the inconveniences of hired 'help,' and that very indifferent in its kind; and hence a Yankee, transplanted to a southern soil, generally becomes as liberal as any of the warm-blooded natives. But, on the other hand, there is a great deal in having been brought up to it. Many a merchant in Gotham who has, by patient perseverance, accumulated a fortune, is just as stinted in his hospitality as he was when beginning life. His splendid parlors are never seen except by his immediate connections; superb dinner-sets are shown off in the china-closet, but rarely used; and the most valued correspondent, or the oldest friend, who comes to town, is only invited to tea; or if to dinner, it is with great preparation, turning the family upside down, and bringing in the aid of outside cooks and confectioners. And after all, it is a stiff, formal affair; all are glad when it is over. Such a thing as bringing a friend home to sit down with the family is scarcely thought of. The reason is plain. His habits of life have been different; and, however much he and his lady may desire to do their part, they 'do not know how,' and have grown too old to learn.

But to return to our South Carolinian, for such he is. He is saluted as Colonel, and you may observe by the manner in which he is treated, that he is a man of consideration. Inquiries are made of him as to the last news from the elections, whether the Union or the Sate-right's party is likely to triumph; and you can perceive that his sympathies are with the latter. He shakes his head, with an ominous look, and tells gentlemen there is no mistake about it—the state is in earnest; and as he proceeds, he waxes warm in dilating on the wrongs of the Palmetto people, especially when a tall, good-natured Virginian drops

the remark, that he'd like to know how it is that South Carolina knows so much more about impending danger than the people of Virginia and Maryland, who are more exposed to it. But the majority of the group sustain the Colonel, and comment with bitterness on the blindness of those who cannot see the cloud in the horizon. Poor fellows! They are all laboring under the unfortunate delusion that South Carolina is an object of persecution by all the world; and, like the one man on the jury, wonder at the obstinacy of the eleven others. Their state stands now just where it did at the beginning of the century: few changes, the same old sounding-boards over the pulpits; the same old legal forms; the same old family mansions, and the descendants of the same people are occupying them; cousins have married, and large estates have seldom passed into new hands; the same love for home, and dislike for going abroad, has remained; and consequently, the world of their ideas is not a very large one. All has stood still here, while all around has changed. Rail-roads, new population, commercial intercourse and enterprise, have infused a spirit of progress and of change, too often a *radical* change, into other and neighboring states, which has wiped out old prejudices, and, perhaps, opened the way for new ones; but, at any rate, the barriers of state-lines are broken down. Perhaps South Carolina has gone backward a little. At all events, she has not gone forward; and this the gentlemen, who sit sipping their rich old wine, down on the rice plantations, cannot understand, any more than would the old Knickerbockers, could they be suddenly brought to life, in the midst of the palaces of the Fifth-avenue, or in the quarters where the good old crooked streets and clumsy stone meeting-houses used to be. Hence they have always been in hot water in South Carolina, and as jealous of their neighbors' encroachments as were Irving's New-Netherland denizens of the Connecticut Yankees, and with about as much reason. But go among them, and you will hear nothing of this. You may dine out every day, and meet gentlemen of the most extreme opinions; but they'll never obtrude upon you their complaints. In the true spirit of entertainers, they avoid all useless discussion of disagreeable topics.

And so it is here at the Springs. Let a northerner join that group, and he will find that soon the topic will be changed, and every trace of sectional feeling disappear. They know what is due to the stranger. And so it should be with all true gentlemen who meet southerners at the north; but, unfortunately, when they come to our great gathering places, they must meet with all sorts of people, and their habits of life have not accustomed them to make allowances. There are some exceptions at the south, too, of course. That young man who is so much over-dressed, with such a profusion of hair on his face, who has lately come into the possession of wealth, is one. He thinks there should be a wall built around the state to keep off the rascally Yankees. That young Puseyite clergyman is so imbued with it that he cannot even pray for the President, except in subdued tone. Here is a young book-seller from Charleston, who is so afraid of not being identified with the chivalry, that he obtrudes his secession notions on all occasions, and has made himself a laughing-stock. He professes to be the repository of all Mr. Calhoun's last expressed opinions, and finds their weight very oppressive.

There is a family who are evidently parvenus, for the old Colonel's family inquire, 'Who are they?' These are the people who would n't call on the President of the United States when he arrived, because they did not believe in presidents, and they thought to ingratiate themselves with 'the Colonel's set' by this evidence of devotion to his principles. But when they found that he and all his family had paid their respects to the chief magistrate, they condescended to honor him with a visit, though taking pains to inform him that they called on him as a 'gentleman,' not as 'President.'

Intercourse with such narrow-minded persons is, of course, disagreeable; but even with those who kept their opinions to themselves, there was something of a restraint and embarrassment, from the fact that they seemed to have no interest in common with us. Politics was a forbidden topic, and all their civilities seemed like those of hostile parties during a truce. But let us hope for better things of a state which was one of the foremost to establish that Union with which she has always been in so constant a snarl. During the discussion of the compromise measures, I chanced to meet, in Washington, with an old college acquaintance from South Carolina, who was fierce for instant secession. We visited the national monument together. He was pleased with the work, and was about to contribute a half-eagle to the funds, when I checked him, asking why he gave money to build this monument, since he would soon have no common interest in it with citizens of other states? 'South Carolina will secede, you say. She must have a monument of her own, if she shall still cherish any regard for old associations. We do n't want you to have any lot or part with us in this, if you will not in other things.'

'Tell you what it is, my friend,' said he, as he threw down the gold, 'if you show so much anxiety to get us out, we won't go. We will have our place here in history, if we have to endure the Union for it.'

When the river and harbor bill was before the Senate, on a recent occasion, Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, who opposed it on constitutional grounds, said, that when any body now-a-days took the position he occupied in opposition to any popular measure, he was like an old-fashioned evangelical preacher, who should endeavor to prove a particular proposition to be true, because it was gospel doctrine, before an assembly of modern white-cravatted gentlemen, who regard the Bible as a book of elegant literature. I suppose that any South Carolinian who should read these remarks would reply, that if they are old-fashioned, and behind us in some things, they have at least the credit of having adhered to one construction of the constitution, while we have regarded it as a book of 'elegant literature,' to be read as we want to read it. May be so; although, were we writing for a political magazine, perhaps we might show that you have not always construed that instrument as you do now. But let us, like the apostle, forget the things that are behind, and look forward to those that are before.

It is among the unpretending North Carolinians, Louisianians, Virginians, and Marylanders, that you are to look for cordial greetings, and once well in with them, no better company can be found any where.

xv.

GOSSIP.

I AM afraid the reader will begin to think I am telling a regular story, in which all the parties introduced are to have something to do with the development of the plot; but let me assure him I am only narrating just such gossip as occurs to any idler who finds no better way of passing his time at a watering-place than to scribble letters to friends, in which form some of the matters here mentioned were 'made a note of.' They are the scenes of every-day life, such as every one will see who takes the trouble to look; and if, in the telling, they seem to lack piquancy, why, don't read any more, that's all. You may call it nonsense, and wonder that any one can waste time in writing such trifles; but let me tell you, especially if you are a young lady, that it is with just such trifles you throw away many an hour every time you go into company.

Having become somewhat intimate with Sydney, I mentioned to him what Mr. Gambeadle had stated about the espionage on Williams' operations with 'the tiger,' telling him that I thought the knowledge of this fact might perhaps deter that gentleman from indulgence in play to an extent which was becoming common talk. He thanked me for the information, and said he should try the effect of it, as he feared that gambling was becoming a passion with his cousin, which nothing but female influence would control. I inferred, however, from some farther remarks of his, concerning Miss Cushing, that he had not a very exalted opinion of that lady's warmth of heart, and feared lest, in rescuing Williams from one abyss, he was helping him to fall into another.

That evening, as Mr. Riverman and I escorted the ladies in our party from the ball-room to their cabins, Miss Clara remarked that she had heard Miss Cushing say that she had been told that Mr. Williams was very rich.

'What an elegant lace-cape she wore!' said Mrs. Riverman.

'Yes,' said Clara; 'but with what bad taste she dresses! What a contrast to Miss Dalton. They say Mr. Sydney's engaged to Miss Dalton. He's too sensible to like that Cushing girl.'

'I don't see why a sensible man should not like her,' said Mrs. R.

'Now, ma! you only say that because old Larch seems to fancy her, and you like old Larch because I do n't.'

'What's the matter with Larch?' asked Mr. R. 'He talks like a sensible man, worth ten of such moustached chaps as Colonel Wilson.'

'Now, pa! how prejudiced you are. He learned to wear his hair long in Mexico; and every body says he showed himself there a brave and noble officer. As for Larch, he's always looking after number one.'

'If he did n't look after it, who would? But, wife, what made you leave so soon?'

'So soon! Why, you wanted to leave an hour ago.'

'So I did, to smoke my cigar; but when I came back to the piazza, and saw Mrs. Snubbs on the floor, I wanted to stay and see her through.'

'Well! well! well! That's pretty well for you, Riverman: I'm glad we *did* leave so soon. That woman carries on so, that all the men are

running after her. But you need n't think that you can make me act like Mrs. Easy. If you were to devote yourself to her as Easy does, I'd let you know that there were two sides to that game.'

'Why,' said Clara, 'I believe he does it on purpose to worry her, for he used to laugh at her jealousy of me; and now, since I am deserted, his poor wife makes a confidant of me. Ha! ha! I told her she'd better let him see that *she* could flirt as well as he.'

'Exactly,' said her father. 'Colonel Wilson is just the man to flirt with her.'

'No such thing. He's not that kind of a person, I can tell you.'

'Oh, you *know*, do you?' Here we reached the cabin.

XVI.

THE SALT SULPHUR.

'WHEN do the stage go to the Salt Sulphur?' is the question one most frequently hears from southerners at the White, 'the Salt' being the next place in order on the programme. Leaving the Rivermans behind, we were off, with a beautiful day, and on a good road; and, in the course of five hours, found ourselves in the thriving village of Union, two miles from the Salt. You soon come in sight of the observatory, a tall tower erected on the top of a mountain, by a gentleman who was disposed to enjoy the scenery. The first you see of the Springs is an old frame-building, which once accommodated the visitors to the spring first discovered, now called the 'Sweet Sulphur,' by way of distinction. Both the building and the canopy over the spring are rapidly going to decay, and the water is only used to supply the baths about an eighth of a mile farther on, where you cross the stream, on the margin of which all the springs are situated, and enter a beautiful little valley. On the piazza of the bar-room on the right, Mr. Er-kine, for many years the active proprietor, stands ready to receive his guests, who are soon distributed into a large stone building with porticoes, on the slope of the opposite side of the hill, or in some of the rows of cabins scattered about.

No great pretensions are made; but you find a good dinner ready for you, and eat it with all the better relish after the White Sulphur. Every thing is neat and tidy, even the kitchen, which is an exception, in that respect, to all other kitchens on the road. One of the sights to be seen is the dairy, which is enough to make one relish milk, cream, and butter, as he never relished them before.

The two springs most used are near the centre of the grounds. Their waters, and those of the old 'Sweet Sulphur' outside, are substantially alike, except that one is said to contain, what has been seldom discovered in mineral waters, a trace of the simple substance called iodine. Whether this helps the medical qualities is perhaps a little doubtful, but many wonderful things are told about it. There is less of sulphur and more of magnesia and epsom salts in the water than at the White Sulphur; but it is recommended for about the same complaints as that, and is probably, in most cases, quite as good. The walks about the grounds are extensive, but might be rendered more varied and agreeable by extending them over the hill to the Sweet Sulphur or outer springs. A

fine band of music performed every day before dinner, and every evening in the ball-room; but at first there was little dancing. The company, as is generally the case, consisted mainly of South Carolina families, among whom there were few young persons. It was not until two or three days after our arrival, when the Rivermans, the Daltons, Mr. and Mrs. Easy, and a number of the other belles and beaux from the White, made their appearance, that there was any gayety. Occasionally some of the ladies and gentlemen from Union came over, and then we had a good time. Mr. Erskine dispensed a hospitality worthy of a Virginia gentleman, and all went merry as a marriage-bell.

XVII.

STYLE OF LIVING.

A GREAT deal of comment has been very justly made by foreigners on the way in which Americans bolt their food. In Yankeedom it is bad enough; but the go-ahead business habits of that people leave them scarce time to eat. At the luxurious south we expect to see more moderation in this respect; but at the watering-places it is infinitely worse. The whole dinner, meat, dessert and all, is placed upon the table at the same time. Each guest has two plates, and perhaps a saucer. After discussing his meat on the one, he takes pie on the other, and winds up with sponge-cake, ice-cream, or berries. There is not even the breathing-time which is given by the interval between the courses at a northern hotel, and which materially helps the digestive organs. A man who has been lounging about all the morning, and who is perhaps a dyspeptic, takes his dinner as if for a wager, and hurries out, as if he were wanted on pressing business, instead of having the whole afternoon before him.

Whether it be because the use of wine is incompatible with the use of the waters, or because the wines carried so far by wheel-carriages are poor or dear, I scarcely saw a bottle of wine on any public dinner-table during the whole trip. Pitchers of milk are deemed indispensable, and no one eats pie without a glass of it well iced. But this temperance at the table is made up by the demand for mint-juleps and sherry-cobblers early in the morning, at noon, or late at night.

There is one abomination of northern hotels which has not crept into this region, and so long as the race of good old colored 'aunties' do the cooking, we may presume it will not. I allude to the parade of small side-dishes of pretended French cookery, but containing very little of any thing, and that little not very good. Good French cookery is very good; but it must be served up very hot, and at just the right time. This mixture of English and French preparations in covered dishes, standing on hot water, may make a fine show on the bill of fare, but yield very little that is substantial to the guest. How much better would it be at Newport and Saratoga, if an abundance of the best cuts of beef, venison, or lamb, with good vegetables, were served up instead of the stews, and hashes, and bedevilled dishes which no one ever knows any thing about. There is good fare at most of the Springs we visited, except the White, where you are told that you are charged for the use of the

water, not for board. The introduction of courses would be an improvement, but probably they have not servants enough for that purpose.

There is a shiftlessness and neglect with regard to little things apparent at most places in Virginia, such as broken steps and decayed fences, which, if attended to in time, would save much subsequent trouble and expense. But there is more thrift and enterprise in the western half of the state than in those parts where there are more slaves; and, when there shall be a rail-road along here, it will give to the country an aspect not unlike that of the Erie rail-road region of New-York.

O L D A G E .

What is old age?

Is it when snowy hairs, the brow surrounding,
 Soften, with halo mild, the prints of time;
 Or when, to the dulled ear, less loud resounding,
 Earth's din seems softened to a vesper-chime?
 Is't when the eye is losing all its brightness?
 When the once firm voice trembles in its tone?
 No! — whatsoe'er man calls them in his lightness,
 These, these are not the signs of age alone.

For in the breast youth's fount, perpetual springing,
 May live, defying years as they roll by;
 The trembling voice may yet give forth its singing,
 Its sparkle yet abide in the dimmed eye:
 While round its brink young fancies bright are growing,
 And fresh affections, that no frost can chill,
 Call this not age, that is such gifts bestowing:
 Who has the heart's youth, has the true youth still!

What is old age?

It is to feel that health and strength are failing,
 The eye grows dim, and dull the clouded brain;
 The hand for its loved task is unavailing,
 The foot essays its fav'rite haunts in vain;
 The color, once so bright, the pale cheek leaving,
 Tells that the love it helped enchain is gone;
 The form, from health its airy grace receiving,
 Now both are fled, sinks helpless and alone.

This too is age — to feel the warm heart chilling;
 To see the eye of friendship turned away,
 Or dark distrust, or cold aversion, filling
 The glance, that erst to us was clear as day.
 Oh! what are years, that, love and wisdom bringing,
 Conduct us gently to a peaceful tomb,
 To the worn heart, that, pain and coldness wringing,
 Still must live on a long, long life of gloom!

L.

P E B B L E S .

— 'Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones.'

I TAKE my seat beneath a waving willow,
Beside a little, babbling, pebbly brook;
Then of the earthless roots I make a pillow,
And lay me down to listen and to look.

And as I watch the little wavelets glisten,
I see a truth shine out from every one;
And as their gentle murmuring I listen,
I learn a lesson from each pebble-stone.

The lives of men are like to pebbles rolling
Adown a brooklet, ceaselessly along,
The never-turning tide their course controlling,
The tide, though wayward, still for ever strong.

When first from off the parent boulder battered,
The little rocks are rugged things enough;
The hard and soft, throughout unequal scattered,
Make them sharp-cornered, angular, and rough.

They drop into the stream; the current seizes,
And drives them downward with resistless force,
Directs, controls, and changes as it pleases
The various zig-zag of each little course.

But ever and anon, while downward driving,
'Gainst some obstruction they perchance are brought;
Ah! then in vain seems all their tiny striving,
Each deems himself for ever fixed and caught.

Then what a mimic whirl-pool each one raises!
How swells with feeling every injured stone!
The pressing current grinds their softened faces,
And, *bon gré mal gré*, drives them harshly on.

Just so are men, poor little transient creatures!
Borne down the swiftly-running stream of life:
They have their clayey and their flinty features,
And in the current snags are always rife.

The snag, some failure of a high ambition,
Or pique of pride, or loss of love, may be,
Which seems to shut them out from all fruition,
And hold them firmly bound, and hopelessly.

But still the stream of life is swiftly rushing,
And, *bon gré mal gré*, with it they must go;
With still-increasing force behind them pushing,
It drives them on, whatever be the woe.

We feel, perhaps, some quite unpleasant grinding,
 Some rather roughish rubbing of the face;
 But ah! the careless current, never minding,
 Thinks nothing of the badness of our case.

And so we go, and all the snags that meet us
 Rub off some points or angles that had vex;
 The harder that each one we pass may treat us,
 The easier 'tis to get around the next:

Until at last, quite sleek and sober-going
 Respectable old pebbles we become;
 No more the roughness of our nature knowing,
We hasten onward to our endless home.

EDWARD WILLETT.

New-York.

PAPERS FROM THE RED-TAPE BUNDLE.

FIRE ON BOARD A NORTH RIVER STEAM-BOAT IN 1840.

It was one afternoon in September, in the year 1840, that, while engaged in my counting-room looking over a trial balance, I was pleasantly surprised by a visit from my friend Dick B., a last year's fledgling of — College, and a very good fellow withal. He had been spending the early season at the Springs, and, having become *ennuyé*, had returned once more to the city; but a fortnight in the fashionable-deserted metropolis had been quite enough to cure him of his anticipated relish for brick and mortar: and hence the call, accompanied with the proposition to start on the first of October ensuing, with gun and dog, knapsack and fishing-rod, for the far west.

Dick B. was a man whom, from our first acquaintance, I had taken an incipient affection for. Noble and magnanimous from nature, quick and impulsive from indulgence, devoted exclusively to his studies till he left college, where he had taken a high rank as a classical scholar, he had spent the last year of his life in society, the pleasures of which he had pursued and run through with the same eagerness and zest that characterized every other action of his life. And now, completely satiated with society and its ceremonious refinements, he hailed with joy his new discovery of a race of beings of primitive simplicity in their feelings, and where they could be found in their primitive state, in their manners and habits; generous, hospitable, and grateful; brave and beautiful; uncere-monious and unartificial; and perfect as God had originally made them.

Such was Dick's theory, based upon a slight acquaintance with a lovely specimen of her race, upon whose education no pains or expense had been spared, and who in her culmination promised to realize all the fond hopes and ardent wishes of her friends.

My acceding so readily to Dick's request was partly from a habit of saying yes to every proposition for a 'lark' that he made, the sudden im-

pulse usually giving them a zest which they would have lost by reflection and consideration, and partly from a resolution, already formed, to devote a month to relaxation from the oppressive duties which had confined me to the city for the previous year.

The first of October brought a note from Dick, to meet him on board the S——, at the foot of —— street, at seven o'clock p. m. So throwing into my valise a dozen shirts, cap, shooting-coat and trousers, woollen stockings and thick boots, I took an extra glass of wine, and a cab for Pier

Half-past six found me delivered at that modern Babel, a steam-boat landing. 'Four for a shilling, swate as honey,' by a red-faced Irish-woman, with a true type of her dear Johnny hanging at her breast; a thump from the shoulder of her dear Johnny, or some other scoundrel, with a trunk on his back, accompanied with a 'Beg pardon, Sir; did n't see you, Sir,' but which nevertheless sent me stumbling forward, and left my hat in the mud behind; an Evening Express (confidentially) thrust into my face by the evident progeny of some mysterious shoveller, who recovered my hat, and smoothed the mud over it very carefully with his coat-sleeve; porters and cabmen running, passengers hurrying, cabs backing suddenly up and dumping their loads with marvellous facility, with a few more such pleasant accompaniments, came over me with a freshness that proved to my own mind that I must have kept myself very quiet since the world began to move, and to the minds of the cabmen and porters that I was possessed with a degree of viridity that might prove profitable.

Ploughing my way to the forward deck, through the three or four hundred people, who, to a stranger, might have seemed to have lit by some unlucky accident upon this particular day and this particular boat for their journey. I discovered Dick standing with his arms a-kimbo, surveying with no little complacency a pyramid of baggage, surmounted by a handsome little mulatto boy, of about fourteen years of age, drumming with his heels the devil's tattoo on a champagne-basket.

The last bell rang, a few farewells were exchanged, a few hands shaken, and the noble boat, which had been snorting and panting like a wild steed impatient for its liberty, upon the halter being thrown upon its neck, darted out into the river through its moving crowd of fellows, and, apparently uncertain as to its course, as it made for the middle of the stream, turned its head gradually north, and with a final snort, started on its long race, with a speed and untiring vigor that in an animal would have excited the world's surprise.

Consigning my defiled castor to the care of the illustrious Sancho, and mounting in its place a cap, I ascended the promenade-deck, where, finding Dick in interesting communion with a pretty black-eyed acquaintance whom he had found, I took a seat on the after-rail.

This I chose, to feel the electrical quivering of the iron-sinewed monster, whose convulsive energies, like the leaps of a race-horse which you are riding at full speed, seem almost to identify themselves with and become a part of your own. The hissing of the parted waves, like a flock of valiant geese, as they throw up their spiral necks in the air, and then disappear in the distance, denote your progress. The constantly shifting

and changing scenery, the grouping and re-grouping, the opening and shutting vistas, present a rapid-moving double panorama, as it apparently passes you on either side, which it will occupy all your attention to appreciate and understand. When weary of this, you have before and around you an original and ever-varying medley, whose objects of travel, appearance, manners, probable pursuits and residences, can afford you any extent of speculation.

On retiring, we found the floor of the cabin covered with the usual complement of settees and their occupants. A black bushy head here; a bald and very shiny one in close proximity to it; a tall thin gentleman standing in the middle of the floor, half undressed, and looking very much disgusted at the necessity of displaying his leanness in the act of denuding, composed a part of the fore-ground. Stretched around in every possible variety of attitude and position, lay, sat, reclined, and stood the miserable multitude, dressed, undressed, and half dressed, a most unhappy group, each man inwardly wondering what in the name of comfort could have induced all the rest to have encroached on his exclusive privilege, and looking upon each new-comer as a new and unauthorized intruder.

'One hundred and forty, and forty-one,' said Dick, deliberately pulling out his tickets. 'One hundred and forty-one it is,' slowly drawing open the curtain of the lower berth, and revealing ensconced a remarkably corpulent gentleman in a particularly sound repose.

'Sir,' said Dick.

No answer.

'Sir!'

No reply.

'Well, this is cool!'

'Never mind,' said I; 'the upper one no doubt he left for you, as you see it is empty; and you could not certainly be so hard-hearted as to wish to arouse him from such a refreshing slumber.'

'I have half a mind, nevertheless, to try the depth of his blubber with the end of my walking-stick,' said Dick, giving way to my suggestion in no very pleasant temper. 'I do not believe the puppy is any more asleep than I am.'

He was not to be aroused.

Divesting myself of coat, boots and hat, I turned into the middle berth, and was soon in a dreamy maze of half forgetfulness, half consciousness. The silent and shadowy movements of the waiters, as they stole noiselessly round among the sleepers, collecting the material for their nocturnal labors, the regular plunges and hissing of the powerful engine, and the trembling of the solitary suspended lamp, were soon lost in indistinct visions of bull-dogs and bison-bulls, Indian maidens and red-faced Irish women, which flitted through my fancy in multitudinous profusion.

I was in the midst of a very interesting interview with a beautiful chocolate damsel, reclining on a couch of tiger-skins, and surrounded by the spoils of war and implements of the chase, when I was awakened from my trance by a sudden cry of 'Fire!' 'Fire!' 'The boat's on fire!' which was instantly echoed by a hundred mouths, and followed by a noise and confusion that beggars description.

I had barely time to rub open my eyes and draw aside the curtains, when there was a general rush to the companion-way of nearly the whole of the passengers. Out they rolled, pell-mell, from their berths, tumbling over one another in the most amusing state of confusion. The heads and shoulders of the under tier were pounced upon as they were protruded by the upper tier, to the no small damage of noses and faces. Slipping, tumbling, swearing, striking; officers shouting it was a false alarm, which was generally believed to be a fetch; captain rolling on the floor, having been tumbled over the balusters in a vain attempt to stop the rush up the companion-way, were a few of the incidents.

A little fat man, with a squeaking voice, after one or two abortive attempts to get up stairs, in which he lost his wig, rushed with frantic energy to one of the wedge-like cabin-windows, and thrust his person so forcibly in that he could neither advance nor recede. What he said, the rudder could probably tell; but the violent flapping of his little turtle-fin legs was the only indication we had on this side of his state of feeling.

One tall and bony, but cool and collected-looking man, whose specific gravity was certainly greater than water, but whose natural gravity was much greater than the specific, after getting out of his berth, stretching himself, and giving a glance at the scene of confusion, coolly walked to the steward's closet, and after some fumbling, came out with two jugs! Drawing the cork of one, and smelling the contents, he applied it to his mouth, and after a long pull, smacked his lips with great apparent gusto, and pouring the remaining contents on the floor, replaced the cork, which he drove in forcibly. The same process was repeated with the other jug, the lifting up of the eye-brows in each case denoting a peculiar satisfaction. He then took a sheet, and giving an additional blow to the corks, tied one jug in each end; and after walking to the unoccupied window, and noticing the height of the water, slung under his shoulders his ready-made life-preserver, and sat down quietly, to wait till the companion-way should be clear.

The small and choked passage made the exit very slow, and the crowd still more furious. Determined at length to have a little closer view, I was upon the point of jumping from my berth, when a hand from above pushed me back, and the next instant Dick vaulted over my head, and lighted astride the neck of the corpulent gentleman, who had so coolly taken possession of 'forty-one, and who was at that instant slowly emerging from his den.

'Fire! fire!' cried Dick, twisting his legs together.

'Get off, you scoundrel!' said the corpulent man.

'Murder!' said Dick.

'Get off, you villain, or I *will* murder you!'

'Help! help! I am drowning!' said Dick, twisting his legs tighter, and seizing the stout man by each of his ears.

This was too much for poor human nature, and a desperate struggle ensued, which terminated in their rolling together on the cabin-floor, Dick still maintaining his position, and the stout gentleman's face blazing with rage and vexation.

'Oh, my poor mother! I shall never see her again!' blubbered Dick, holding on with the energy of a drowning man.

‘—— your mother, Sir! let go of my ears!’

Here Dick gave a tremendous twist of his legs, at which the fat gentleman opened his mouth, and evinced decided symptoms of strangulation.

‘If I get up I will pound you to a mummy, you villain, Sir!’

Dick took a better hold.

‘Do you intend to let me up?’ said the ‘prisoner.’

‘I wonder how far it is to land?’ said Dick.

Here the round gentleman made a violent plunge, which resulted in a somerset; and had not Dick maintained his position astride his neck, I do not know how far he would have rolled.

Succeeding at last in recovering from the convulsions into which the scene had thrown me, I jumped from the berth, and extricating the sufferer from his embarrassments with some little difficulty, raised him to his feet, and pointing to the companion-way, up which the tall man, who had been an amused spectator of the affray, was retreating, his jugs still slung under his arms, intimated that if he expected to save himself no time was to be lost. But no: rage had succeeded fear, and the sole objects of his existence appeared to be, first to regulate his wind-pipe, and then to avenge himself on Dick; and it was not till, tapping my forehead significantly with my fore-finger, and bending my thumb mysteriously toward Dick, I conveyed the impression that he was a little damaged in the upper works—in fact nothing less than insane—that I succeeded in quieting him.

Casting first a look of incredulity, and then one of mild compassion and contempt upon Richard, he seized his coat, and enveloping himself in its ample folds, prepared to mount the deck and encounter the apprehended danger.

He was, however, spared the trouble, and the Hudson the pain of having such a sizzling hot subject thrust into its bosom.

The tide had turned, and he was encountered on the stairs by the return current of angry, laughing, scolding, jesting, half-naked, tattered passengers, who had made the important discovery that there was after all no fire or explosion; nothing more, in fact, than the crazy fancies of a man troubled with the night-mare, whose alarming cries had found an answering echo in the breasts of some half-dozen others, from whom the contagion spread to the rest with the rapidity of wild-fire.

I have often thought that there is no better test of a man’s temper than an unnecessary fright or alarm; and the difficulty in this case with which sundry staid personages controlled their anger at being so suddenly astonished out of their dignity, and the unqualified pleasure with which a few of the victims enjoyed the joke, as they believed it, were as good indications of natural temper as of the amount at stake, which last is so well supposed to generally regulate one’s care for life.

The little fat man who had been serving as a plug to the cabin-window, and who had been enjoying the pleasing contemplation of the waves, rising to his excited imagination with alarming rapidity, and about to engulf him, was seized by the legs by him of the jugs, and after several powerful efforts drawn in. If he could have been wire-drawn, or length-

ened out by being pulled through the other way, it would have been a decided improvement to his person.

Dick's friend I noticed making a vain attempt to obtain from the indignant captain, who would not listen to a word, the name and address of his volunteer cravat. How he disposed of himself for the night I was never able to ascertain. One thing is certain, he did not trust himself in Dick's vicinity.

The man of the jugs exchanged with the steward his ready-made life-preserver for a pair of clean sheets, and quietly turned in, being soon after followed by most of the remaining passengers. My last recollection is of being lulled to sleep by the bugle-note of his snore, which had been sensibly stimulated by some cause, not in any way of course connected with the contents of the jugs.

' T I S O N L Y I N M Y D R E A M S .

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

I.

A form is ever at my side,
Mid sorrow, pain, and tears;
And constant still, whate'er betide,
Through long and weary years:
And oft, when evening's fairest star
In radiant beauty gleams,
I clasp her hand in mine, but ah!
'Tis only in my dreams.

II.

When grief and care upon my heart
Like darkening shadows fall;
When those from whom fate bids me part
Have gone beyond recall;
When friends are few, and hearts grow cold,
And earth a desert seems,
That form is with me as of old,
But only in my dreams!

III.

Though youth has fled, and, day by day,
The hopes of manhood's prime,
Like faded leaves, are borne away
Upon the tide of time;
And though my years grow dark and chill
In life's declining beams,
That presence will be with me still,
But only in my dreams!

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

On the shores of the Pacific, in a wild sequestered vale,
Lay a miner, faint and weary, with a visage wan and pale;
The deep blue vault of heaven alone was o'er him spread,
The green turf of the valley was the dying sufferer's bed.

At his feet, a mountain river over golden sands was rolled,
For a thousand eager miners washing out the glittering gold:
Men had left a fellow-mortal, far from friends, to die alone,
For the love of gold had hardened human sympathies to stone.

The sufferer, pale and languid, turned his dull and glazing eye
To the fleecy clouds of whiteness that flecked the western sky.
The scene was passing lovely: Nevada's peaks of snow
Reflecting the rich sun-light on the sleeping vales below:

The mountains in the distance flung aloft their summits bleak,
In calm and silent grandeur, peak rising over peak,
Until their shadowy outlines were lost unto the view,
And the splintered, snow-capped pinnacles were bathed in heavenly blue.

But that wan and pallid sufferer, as restlessly he lay,
Marked not those scenes of beauty, for his thoughts were far away;
Far away to loved New-England, where a happy, joyous band
Had welcomed him in gladness to his rugged mountain strand.

He dies, that youthful dreamer; but his wild and fevered brain
Was roving in the pleasant scenes of his early home again:
A mother's face bent o'er him as he drew his latest breath,
And a smile played o'er his features when his eye grew dim in death.

As the sun was slowly sinking 'neath the broad Pacific's wave,
The heartless hands of strangers laid the dreamer in his grave.
No prayer was breathed, no tear was shed, no shroud enclosed his breast,
But with cold, unfeeling mockery they laid him to his rest.

Hoarsely broke the solemn surges on Atlantic's rock-bound shore;
Their deep tones were the requiem of him whose life was o'er:
And a wail came from New-England, a wail for the departed,
From a father, brother, sister, and a mother broken-hearted.

To that western El Dorado, that gorgeous land of gold,
The tide of emigration its mighty waves hath rolled;
And thousands that were toiling for the gold which millions crave
Have died alone and friendless, and found a stranger's grave.

In Nevada's mountain gorges, in every golden glen
In Sacramento's valley, repose New-England men:
Along each gliding rivulet, with music in its flow,
Full many a hopeful dreamer is sleeping lone and low.

California hath her treasures, whose value is untold,
But her soil holds treasures dearer, more priceless far than gold:
For many noble spirits in her bosom are at rest,
And the gold sands of her valleys shroud many a manly breast.

Pittsfield, (N. H.)

J. B.

MORE TRANSCRIPTS

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF.

THE DODGE.

I WAS at a dry-goods' store in the Bowery one evening, engaged in the service of several writs of replevin, attended by the plaintiffs therein, with some of their clerks, whose business it was to select from the stock in the store the articles called for by my writs. They, the said clerks, being directed by me, placed the goods identified by them respectively as belonging to their several employers, and which were described in the aforesaid writs, in parcels by themselves, until the search had been made complete; and while they were thus engaged, opportunity was afforded to the rest of the company to converse with each other.

The subject most natural to us was the varied difficulties and trials to which a sheriff was subject. One declared 'it was a thankless office;' another 'disagreed with the last speaker, inasmuch as a sheriff must enjoy a pleasing satisfaction in restoring to one the goods unlawfully held by another.' Another admitted 'that, although the sheriff had the power to do an infinity of good, he was placed in circumstances at times when he was the instrument of great wrong.' Another remarked 'that the sheriff was merely a ministerial officer, and had no right, under any circumstances, but to obey his writ, and that the indulgence of any sentiment by him contrary to the interest and rights of the plaintiff was not warranted by law.' 'Yet,' said another, 'the sheriff is frequently placed in serious difficulty; and beside, he is imposed upon very often; and such impositions are put upon him as seriously to jeopard him in the way of dollars and cents.'

To all of these speculations expressed, and to others, which are legion, not expressed, I inwardly said 'Amen;' and yet how few are there who know any thing of the agitations and worriment to which those of our cloth are subject!

'I know,' continued the last speaker, 'of an incident of very recent occurrence, related to me by a party who was interested, and, by-the-by, a funny affair, of a dodge perpetrated by my informant upon one of the deputies of the sheriff. The facts are these: The sheriff had a writ against my informant, and two days since, at a very convenient hour in the dusk of the evening, doubtless to the sheriff known, who is expected to know at what time a defendant is *surely* 'at home,' asked the child who answered his knock at the door, if Mr. ——— was at home. The child answered that he was, and the child was thereupon desired by the officer to point out to him the particular room or apartment occupied by the defendant. And while the child was proceeding with the sheriff to do what was requested of her, a person met the sheriff in the hall of the house, and desired to know his business. 'I wish to see Mr. ———,' the sheriff answered. 'Mr. ——— is not at home,' replied the man. 'Not at home!' said the sheriff, with surprise. 'I was told,' he added,

'by the little girl who opened the door, that Mr. ——— was at home.' 'Oh, yes, yes,' replied the man, 'Mr. ——— was at home a moment ago; just got his tea, and left the house. I am a boarder with him, and we are very intimate, and if you would leave your business and your name with me, I will communicate the same to him, and he will call on you, Sir, *promptly*.' '*Promptly!*' said the sheriff, emphasizing the word; and having doubts on his mind whether or no the party with whom he was speaking was not the veritable defendant, he continued: '*Promptly!*' still emphasizing the word; 'I think *you* are the man I want to see; I think you are the man whom I have been asking for.' 'Indeed I am not,' replied the man; 'but you had better leave your name and residence, and when he comes in I will direct him to call and see you at once, if you desire it.'

'Well,' continued the narrator, 'the sheriff was satisfied, and he drew from his pocket his card, and handed it to the man, with special injunctions to give it to Mr. ——— as soon as he got home, with the request that Mr. ——— should call on the sheriff '*promptly*' at his residence.

'As soon,' continued the narrator, 'as the card was handed to the party, the thing was out. What was suspicion was now surety, and Mr. ———, the defendant, my informant, who was no other than the veritable defendant, rejoiced considerably at his *escape*, as he had it, 'from the clutches of the law and the vigilance of one of the most lynx-eyed of the officers of the law.'

'Funny, ain't it?' was the general response of the auditors. 'Ha! ha! ha!' And they laughed heartily at the 'sell' of the sheriff.

'Come, sheriff,' said several of them to me, 'why don't you laugh? It is a good one: cunning fellow that, wasn't he?'

'Gentlemen,' I replied, 'he was shrewd; but I fancy that there is an adjective which will demonstrate that the sheriff who had charge of that business is not yet 'sold.' It takes two always to make a bargain; the seller and buyer. But may I ask, Sir,' addressing myself to the narrator of the 'sell,' 'the name of the party, your informant?'

'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'with pleasure. His name is James Hazelton.'

'Hazelton! that's my own case!' I inwardly said: and so it was. The facts as detailed were substantially true, and I at once determined to possess myself of all the information as to the whereabouts of the 'dodger' other than his residence, as at that place I was considerably well known and appreciated.

With this determination, I asked the narrator of the 'sell' where the party could be found, stating to him that it was a contemptible trick on Mr. Hazelton's part, and that I would like to know all about him, so as to assist the sheriff in his efforts to find the man who had so grossly deceived him.

The merchant, thus interrogated by me, answered, 'that he knew the whereabouts of Hazelton. He was accustomed to visit the auction-houses of the city, for the purpose of purchasing various odd lots that are occasionally sold at those houses; that Hazelton was generally at a certain auction establishment in William-street about twelve o'clock in the day, say about two or three times a-week.'

'Now,' thought I, 'here is a chance, with a little trouble, to catch

my man : ' and forthwith, on the next day, I started on my mission of love ; for so it was, because I was anxious to embrace him. Reader, start not at the thought that runs through your mind. ' Embrace, indeed ! — mission of love ! ' I think I hear you say. ' Embrace ! Ay, the embrace of the bear. Mission of love, indeed ! '

I called at all the auction-houses in William-street, stopped a little while at each of them, and did not find my man. I could not ' give it up so. ' I continued my search anxiously and vigorously for several days, giving out to no one what my business was, and what was my fondest desire.

A week had elapsed, and still, like Harry Hammer, ' I ham hon the watch ; ' but not like him altogether, for he fell asleep on his post. My eyes were wide awake ; so too were my senses. I ' felt it in my bones ' that Hazelton would be mine.

I had seen Hazelton but once, and I was certain that I possessed enough of his lineaments in my mind's eye to be able to fully recognize him at first sight. I visited and revisited the auction-rooms, scanned every one's face and features, still without success in my earnest desires and hopes.

At length I resolved to revisit the auction-rooms once more : with this determination I entered Messrs. C — and T — 's establishment, and when I got to the head of the stairs which leads to their rooms, I looked around me, and carefully observed the faces of all the persons congregated around the salesman. I was for the time an observer. I saw my man, I thought. I looked again : ' tis he, ' tis he ! and he recognized me.

' Four and a half : going, going, four and a half the yard ! ' cried the salesman. I walked quickly and smartly around and between the buyers and others, looked up, and my man was gone : missed for a moment, I caught his face again.

' Going ! going, at four and a half ! have you done ? ' cried the auctioneer. I was after my dodger : he was veritably a dodger ; dodging here and there, and I dodging after him. The race was getting interesting to him and me. The room was crowded ; the race at first was around the edges of the company, Hazelton walking fast at first, dodging in and through the centre of the crowd ; I after him as unconcernedly as one could be in a hunt of that kind. The chase continued, and meanwhile the parties present began to look, then to inquire the cause of the great commotion.

' Four and a half the yard ! going at four and a half ! will any one give me an advance ? ' cried the auctioneer. ' Gentlemen, why don't you bid ? ' said he ; ' why don't you bid ? '

' Well, we won't now — stay where you are, Mr. Salesman ; there's fun afloat ! ' said one of the by-standers ; and immediately it was whispered around them that ' I was the sheriff, and had got my game in a stump, and was proceeding to smoke him out. '

' Give them a chance ; fair play ; shake the bag well, Sheriff ! ' cried one of the party ; and meanwhile was heard the salesman's anxious ' Four and a half ! going ! going ! ' ' Give them room ; clear the passage ; hurrah for the Sheriff ! Go it, Shorty ; he's got good bottom. '

' Going ! going ! ' said the salesman. ' Four and a half, going ! once. '

' Go it, Haze ! Go it, Sheriff ! ' cried the excited crowd. It was an

interesting time; the auctioneer standing on a counter, his head elevated above all the rest, hammer in hand, crying out, 'Four and a half! going, going! Will any one give a quarter?'

'Be easy; no one asks for quarters, Mr. Auctioneer, but you. Haze wants, but can't get it. Go it, Haze! Go it, Sheriff! The sheriff's good at a long race. Go it, Short-legs!' Thus impelled, I continued the race after my man. Meanwhile the excitement grew hotter, the fun more racy; the crowd, full of exhilaration, mounted the stands and counters, and thus had a full field of sight to witness the game yield.

'Going at four and a half the yard! Going at four and a half, twice!'

The egress was barricaded by living bodies, and I was certain that while that favor was shown to me, fair play, and an open field, I asked and desired no odds. Sufficient glory was there in the affair for me, that the man's meanness would be made apparent to the by-standers, who judged, of course, that I had the majesty of the law on my side, and therefore would not interfere to assist him in escaping.

I pursued him vigorously. He had the advantage of me in one respect: he had longer legs than I had. He was a *dodger*, indeed; dodging here and there, now under, and around, and about the crowd.

'Going at four and a half, half, half, half, arf, arf, and arf, four and a half'

'Go it, Sheriff! Go it, Haze! Go it, Shorty! Hurrah for the waddler! now he's in for him; now he's—no—a little faster, Sheriff! Good! Go it! Ha! ha! ha! he's got him! he's got him!'

'Going! going!' cried the auctioneer at the same moment. 'Going! going! GONE!' and down came the hammer, as I laid my hand on the shoulder of Hazelton.

'Hurrah! three cheers for the sheriff!' and they were given right lustily.

Hazelton thus caught, and in so public a place, and amidst his friends and acquaintances, too, looked unutterable things, and addressed me after recovering himself in the mildest manner possible. (I began to think that he was *then* very amiable.) He begged me not to expose him any farther, while around us the whole crowd assembled to know the cause of the exciting race we had had.

'For God's sake,' cried Hazelton, 'Sheriff, do n't expose me; I am a ruined man if you do; my credit will be destroyed for ever! For God's sake do n't do such a cruel thing!'

'Expose you!' said I, triumphantly. 'I expose you? No, no, my friend; this proceeding is all of your own creation.' 'Gentlemen,' said I to the crowd, 'this man deceived me, lied to me.' And I recapitulated to them the whole of the circumstances of my having a writ against Hazelton; my application at his house; his denial of his person; his bragging of having done the sheriff, or selling the sheriff; and hence the anxiety of my mind in not agreeing to the '*sell*,' and my determination to make him revoke the '*sell*' in as public a manner as he could.

'Shame! shame! served him right, Sheriff!' said several voices; 'served him right! If you have any more agony to pile on him, put it on.'

'Ay, ay, gentlemen,' said I, 'a little more left;' and I thereupon drew

the writ from my pocket, and demanded of Hazelton that he should endorse the writ as being served in the presence of twelve of the gentlemen present, who consented to become witnesses in order still farther to degrade the architect of the 'sell.'

Amid 'all the accumulated horrors,' poor Hazelton did as I required him. Indeed, he was then the smallest piece of infinity. He acknowledged to me he was rightly served: begged my pardon, and said, 'I'll never try that again.'

'Not on me, I fancy,' said I.

'Not on any body; rightly served,' apostrophized he.

'Rightly served!' said the crowd.

'Now, gentlemen,' cried the auctioneer, 'as this bit of amusement is over, I announce that the order of the day will be resumed. Gentlemen,' continued he, 'what shall I have the yard for this silk? Thirty-five, five, five; forty, forty; going at forty cents! going at forty! forty-five, five, five, five, five, forty-five cents a yard! going! going! gone!' And I was gone, as the hammer came down.

FLAUGVAL.

STANZAS: 'LUMEN ET NUMEN.'

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

WHAT beauty smiles from cloudless skies
 When night with twinkling lustre gleams!
 Yet lovelier far, to these fond eyes,
 The light that from thy casement beams.

The Persian holds the East divine,
 And thither bows on bended knee;
 But in thy chamber's lighted shrine
 A dearer kubleh* smiles for me.

How oft, when lated and forlorn
 I've faltered on my darkling way,
 That casement, like the glance of morn,
 Has filled the midnight vale with day!

Oh, fair the blush of orient skies,
 And lovely evening's starry gleams;
 But dearer far, to these fond eyes,
 The light that from thy casement gleams!

New-York, 1852.

* SEE LAYARD'S 'Nineveh,' anent the Yezedis.

ON THE ST. CROIX.

ADDRESSED TO CAPTAIN D. T. RYAN, OF THE SHIP 'RIO GRANDE.'

BY W. B. GLAZIER.

ST. CROIX! I have been dreaming of the happy days gone by,
When first thy broad, blue waters flashed in beauty on my eye:
I saw again, in fancy, thy steep and rocky shore,
Thy pine-clad bluffs, thy long, green slopes, with harvest sprinkled o'er:
And once again a manly form seemed standing close to mine
Upon the RIO GRANDE's deck, and RYAN, it was thine!

It was the depth of summer: clear waves and clearer skies
Were steeped in all the softness that in northern nature lies;
Our ship lay idly sleeping on the river's sleeping breast,
And from the shore there blew at times a breeze that breathed of rest;
The flag hung drooping from the mast: oh! joyful was the day
When on the RIO GRANDE's deck I dreamed the hours away!

How fresh and fair the morning broke, and melted in the wave,
How rang the lusty 'Yo-heave-ho!' the toiling sailors gave;
How glistened in the sun-light the white and flapping sails,
How freshly came the odor of the salt sea on the gales!
Old Ocean! never had I pined to be a child of thee
Till, on the RIO GRANDE's deck, I mused upon the sea.

O days of blessed peacefulness! O nights of calm repose,
When life's stream flowed as fairly as that far-off river flows;
When we watched the sun at morning, or when, at twilight gray,
We saw the red moon rising o'er the dying bed of day;
When gentle ones, that gazed with us upon that silent tide,
Stood on the RIO GRANDE's deck in silence at our side.

True hearts are beating on the land, and honest hands are there,
And frank and faithful spirits dwell where blows the mountain air:
But as honest, frank, and faithful make their homes upon the sea,
And, gallant sailor! who could find a truer one than thee?
Ah! all I felt I still can feel, but vainly try to tell,
When on the RIO GRANDE's deck I said to thee, 'Farewell!'

Fade out from memory, gayer scenes! I will not mourn your loss:
If but the gold of life is left, who cares to keep its dross?
But, oh! in dark and dreary hours, return, dear thought, to me,
As birds in tempest seek their nest upon the storm-swept tree,
The thought of that departed, too swift departed time,
When on the RIO GRANDE's deck joy rang its sweetest chime.

Newcastle, (Me.) Aug. 23, 1852.

BURNING OF THE HENRY CLAY.

IN AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

Banks of the Hudson, August 28th, 1852.

DEAR 'KNICK': Just one month has rolled by since the terrible catastrophe to the 'Henry Clay' occurred before my door: and with the flight of time, the intense excitement incident to the occasion has in a measure passed away. The hundreds and thousands who visited the scene of the disaster through motives of curiosity, and the thousands throughout the whole country who read the heart-rending accounts at the time, with a thrill of horror, now recall the occurrence only as one of the incidents of the day: as a thing not to be remembered, but forgotten.

But there are some (alas! too many) who can 'never tear the bleeding image from the heart.' The soul-stricken father and the heart-broken mother will long '*mourn for their children because they are not*;' the widow's long, flowing weeds still remind sympathizing friends of *him* who has prematurely gone before; the disconsolate husband refuses yet to realize the sad truth, and would fain believe it all a dream; while the tender orphan, as yet unconscious of its loss, will only learn by buffeting, single-handed and alone, with the rude world, how great a calamity befell its early days.

Meanwhile, the waters of the majestic Hudson roll on in their ceaseless course, ever burying themselves in their own ocean, unmindful of the scores of human beings they have so recently washed into the fathomless ocean of eternity.

My attention was first drawn to the burning vessel by a servant's exclaiming, 'There's a steam-boat on fire!' Rushing to the window, a sight met my eyes at once awful and sublime. It was a bright, beautiful afternoon; the river was perfectly smooth, unruffled even by the strong breeze prevailing at the time, as down the stream, with fearful rapidity, came what seemed a mass of living fire! It was the steamer HENRY CLAY. Beneath her rolled the waters of the Hudson; above and around her forked flames of fire darted forth; while at the same moment a hundred human voices rent the air with their shrieks.

I started immediately for the river, but had hardly reached the water's edge when the boat, her helm having been in the mean time directed to the shore, struck the bank with terrific velocity, ploughing up the earth, as but a moment before she had ploughed the waves. The scene that ensued beggars all description: I can only inadequately attempt it.

The tremendous shock occasioned by the rapidity with which the boat was run ashore precipitated numbers into the water, while others, driven by fire, and smoke, and fear, jumped from the burning vessel, escaping death by one element, only to be swallowed up by another! Then were redoubled the cries which before pierced the air. Shriek followed upon shriek, louder and louder, as one poor creature after another sank for ever beneath the flood! The struggle for life was fearful to behold: the supplications of woman for aid from man, her natural protector, and the

convulsive grasp of children clinging to their parents, were enough to unnerve the stoutest heart.

But there were noble souls among the passengers of that ill-fated boat, and in the neighborhood. Many a brave fellow, at the peril of his own life, brought safely to the shore a helpless woman or child, and immediately returning, came forth from the waves with another, and yet another, like precious burthen. There was one, the lamented DOWNING, who, after having rescued several from the deep, and returning again on his errand of mercy, was himself swallowed up by the waters, as if in revenge for the victims of which he had deprived them. The generous-hearted and self-sacrificing CRIST met with a similar fate. Other like spirits doubtless there were who sank,

‘Without a grave, unknell’d, uncoffin’d, and unknown.’

Nor could the brute creation look upon a scene like this unmoved. A large dog, a St. Bernard, true to his instinct, was observed to save at least one life, and returning to the water, with the like noble intent, approached a woman, who, fearing the animal more than the deep, drove him from her, and immediately sank to rise no more.

Many interesting as well as painful incidents, touching the preservation of life on this fearful occasion, might be enumerated: but as most of them have been alluded to in one way or another in the various newspapers of the day, I will pass on to the most melancholy part of the whole scene: the rescuing of the dead from their watery graves. I was so circumstanced as to witness the recovery of most of the bodies; to hear the anxious inquiries of hundreds in search of lost relatives or friends; and I pray to God that I may never be called upon to look upon the like again.

Some of the bodies were recovered almost as soon as life was extinct; others were not found for several days afterward; while some, it is feared, will never be heard of until the last great day, when the ‘sea also shall give up its dead.’ Among them I saw that of an aged man; one who had far outlived the period allotted to his race, and who in life had enjoyed all that a spotless reputation, all that the honor and esteem of his fellows, or even wealth, could bestow. There, too, lay the lifeless form of Nature’s own gardener, protected from the burning sun only by leaves and shrubbery gathered from the banks of that river which, in the words of another, ‘had he lived he would have made a river Rhine, and done the little which man can, where God has done so much.’

About two hours after the accident, I met walking upon the bank an elderly gentleman, whom I had long known. He seemed to be in great distress, and I inquired of him if he was injured. ‘No,’ said he, ‘I’m not hurt, but I have lost my wife: there lies her body!’ He was too much overcome to say more at the time, but subsequently he remarked: ‘I have an abundance of this world’s goods, more perhaps than any one man ought to have. My wife and I have lived together many years most happily. We have been comparatively exempt from most of the cares and trials of life: but now *she* is gone! I have nothing left to live for. We had no children. What is wealth to me now!’

I have already extended this article beyond its original limits, and

will close by giving an extract from a letter received by me this morning from one of the survivors, as showing the fulness of a grateful heart. The writer and his wife were passengers on board the HENRY CLAY, and were saved through the instrumentality of the person alluded to in the letter. Enclosed was a check for fifty dollars, and accompanying it a valuable gold watch, bearing upon its case the following inscription :

Steamer Henry Clay destroyed by fire on the Hudson River, July 28th, 1852.
 HAZARD, JAMES AND ALBERT
 GIFT
 to
Robert Sherman,
 By whose exertions their father and
 mother were rescued from DEATH.

August 26th, 1852.

DEAR SIR: I do not address you with the hope or expectation of being able to describe the feelings which cluster around the heart, as memory recalls the scenes through which I passed on the 28th ultimo, or to express fully my appreciation of the courtesies which were extended to me, or the degree of gratification I experienced at 'Locust Grove,' a few evenings since, in the enjoyment of the comforts of your house, and the society of your kind family. While the memories of the one occasion must ever cause an overflow both of sadness and of gratitude in my heart, those of the other will ever seem as the rainbow after the fury of the storm is spent, after the storm-cloud has passed away.

The value of the services of ROBERT SHERMAN (your coachman) to myself and Mrs. — can only be measured by the worth of our lives. We cannot compensate him, but would prove that we are not ungrateful. Please hand him the watch which accompanies this — the gift of our children. As it records the flight of time, ever rolling on to eternity, the inscription on its case may serve as a token to remind him of their and our appreciation of his services. The enclosed is Mrs. —'s and my gift. He will accept it, with the wish from us that the reflection that he has been instrumental in saving lives may ever be a source of happiness to him, and that hereafter he may receive a more abundant reward.

Yours, very sincerely,

A M O T H E R ' S L A S T P A R T I N G .

From her mother's bosom warm
 Take the child and bear her forth;
 Down the valley rolls the storm,
 Hurrying from the clouded north:
 When we made the grave to-day,
 Cold and frozen was the ground;
 Darker seemed it, that there lay
 Snow on all the church-yard round.

Take her from her mother's breast!
 She no more may slumber there,
 By those swollen lips caress'd —
 Lips that breathed so vain a prayer:
 When her father's door she leaves,
 She will heed nor rain nor wind,
 Nor that wilder storm that heaves
 One fond bosom left behind!

Albany, September 9th, 1852.

Round her pillow in the night
 How oft that mother's arms will fold,
 Dreaming, as she clasps it tight,
 That those arms her baby hold!
 Oh! to sleep that sleep whose dreams
 Gives us all we loved once more!
 Oh! those morning's waking beams,
 Telling us our joys are o'er!

Fondly may that mother tend
 Other children just as fair;
 Other voices soon may blend
 With that mother's evening prayer:
 Yet from all their careless mirth
 Many a night her heart will stray,
 Ling'ring round that spot of earth
 In the church-yard far away!

A. R.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

PERSONAL MEMOIRS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF EDITORIAL LIFE. By JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM. In two volumes: pp. 511. BOSTON: TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS.

WE have read these volumes with continuous and unabated interest. Commencing with the earliest life of the author, or rather going far back of that, to the history of his parents, who were descended directly from the *first* 'Puritan Fathers' of Plymouth, and of whose sufferings and struggles, in a new country, especially those of the widowed mother, it is painfully affecting even to read, we follow the apprentice-boy through the vicissitudes of youth and manhood to the sober period of declining years. The work is a living picture of the 'future' of almost any boy who was living in New-England some seventy years ago; and involves the usual train of circumstances, which threw the youth of that period upon their own physical and intellectual resources, and made so many of them the true MEN they afterward became. We commend the first portion of these volumes to the young men of this *our* day, who are disposed to repine at the difficulties which beset their path, in the pursuit either of 'a living' or of knowledge. It is by such contrasts as are here exhibited, that they will best be able to appreciate the advantages which, with proper exertion, lie always within their reach. Mr. BUCKINGHAM gives us, in elaborate detail, the history of his entrance upon the busy life of an editor, in which avocation he lived and wrought for a period of over thirty years: the first eleven of which as editor of the '*Boston Galaxy*,' a paper still remembered as a spicy, well-conducted weekly journal, to which, as well as his own, some of the best kindred minds of New-England contributed. The account of the several libel-suits brought against the editor, for his habit of plain-speaking of 'men and things,' is not the least interesting portion of this part of the work. The description of the establishment of '*The Boston Courier*,' of which he continued the editor for upward of twenty years, ensues; and while it embodies a collateral history of the political men and events of that extended period, is made of still more general interest by the variety of private detail wherewith it is intermingled. Personal recollections, anecdotes literary and political, accounts of clever men who wrote for the journals of which our author had charge, and remarkable articles, in prose and verse, contributed to those journals, make up the agreeable miscellany we have been considering, and which we cordially commend to the consideration of our readers. We have six 'marks,' indicating various passages in the 'Personal Memoirs' of the first volume, for which we hoped to have found a place; one of which, the writer's account of his boyish impressions at seeing the dead body, and attending the funeral, of his father, we omit with a reluctance scarcely less than that

with which we yield to the necessity of leaving out a withering article from the 'Galaxy,' describing a case of imprisonment for debt by a vindictive creditor, and the death of his victim under circumstances of the most touching description. But for these, and numerous other passages of equal interest — the KEAN riots, the MATHEWS' libel, the MAFFITT controversy, etc., etc. — we must refer the reader to the volumes themselves, which are well executed externally, and embellished with a fine portrait of the author, who, if the engraver who has 'taken off' his head has done his office faithfully, is a man of far less asperity and bitterness than his enemies were wout to give him credit for. 'So much for BUCKINGHAM!'

THE BOOK OF SNOBS: 'The Snobs of England. By One of 'Themselves.' By W. M. THACKERAY. In one volume: pp. 278. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

It is a fortunate circumstance, perhaps, that this very vivid picture of English 'snobbery' (a very expressive word, by the way, which somehow or another almost explains itself to the uninitiated, by its very sound when pronounced) should have been written by one of their own countrymen; a man, moreover, of rare accomplishments, literary and other, whose social position, which is of the highest accorded to any of his class in the British metropolis, gives force and point to all that he says of his 'contemporaries.' There are not wanting 'American snobs,' not original, perhaps, but the apes of foreign snobs, the 'second-hand' article, who will be touched to the quick by the exposition here given of their characters. The work contains an impartial satire of all classes embraced in the designation which the author has chosen for his title. In the 'Royal Snob' GEORGE the Fourth, the ci-devant 'first Gentleman of Europe,' stands forth the insincere, dishonest, trifling monarch that he was, with a back-ground of 'toadies' who took his manners, his faults and vices, as exemplars for their own. Political, military, clerical, literary, country, and club snobs all sit for their portraits, and they are depicted with a 'rich,' but at the same time exceedingly faithful brush. In concluding his work, the author thus sums up his aversion to the 'snobbery' he has depicted: 'I am sick of court-circulars: I loathe *haut-ton* intelligence: I believe such words as 'Fashionable,' 'Exclusive,' 'Aristocratic,' and the like, to be wicked, unchristian epithets, that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A court-system that sends men of genius to the second table I hold to be a snobbish system. A society that sets up to be polite, and ignores arts and letters, I hold to be a snobbish society. You who despise your neighbor are a snob; you who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a snob; you who are ashamed of your calling are a snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth.' But read the book. Meanness, pretension, servility, are admirably rebuked in its pages: from the monarch on the throne, through all the successive strata of 'respectable people,' to the 'flunkey' and the chamber-maid, none are spared. Again we say, 'Read the book.' Apropos of the author of this 'Book of Snobs,' and numerous other works of kindred attraction, we are glad to be able to 'promulge' that he is about visiting the United States, and that he is engaged to give his London series of lectures before the 'Mercantile Library Association' of this metropolis, during the ensuing autumn or winter.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF SCOTTISH SONGS: from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century. Illustrated London Library. In one volume: pp. 312. New-York: BANGS, BROTHER AND COMPANY, Park-Row.

WE are right glad to welcome this beautiful volume to American hearths and hearts. It contains an admirable selection of ancient and modern Scottish songs, embracing some of the most tender and touching productions of the Scottish muse. The beauty of Scottish song is its truth and simplicity. BURNS, as well as his great forerunners, compeers and successors, always appealed to the heart. They never wasted their time in mere conceits and prettinesses. What they felt they said, and what they said they expressed in the language of real emotion. Their tenderness is as manly as their independence; and their wit, although sometimes coarse, is always genial and genuine; and their pictures of rural life are full of charm and of a vivid reality. You have in their lays the living landscape before you, with all its colors and sounds. Now we wish we could impress upon a certain class of our correspondents, who so frequently favor us with 'very fair verse,' in which *imagined* feelings are spun out to tenuity, the importance of an unaffected simplicity, and the exercise of that brevity which is as much the soul of feeling and of pathos as it is of wit. We must make room for one or two specimens of the poetry in the volume; and we commence with '*Waly, Waly*,' the touching lament of a damsel who has 'loved, not wisely but too well,' one who has betrayed and deserted her, leaving her sighing for the autumn wind to shake the green leaves from the tree, and for death to free her of her weary life:

'Oh, waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love went to gae!
I leaned my back unto an aik,
And thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed and syne it brak:
Sae my true-love did lichtle me.

'Oh, waly, waly, but love be bonnie
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld it waxes cauld,
And fades away like the morning dew.
Oh, wherefore should I busk my heid,
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true-love has me forsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart's grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sicht to see;
My love was clad in black velvet,
And I mysel' in cramasie.

'But had I wist before I kissed
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case of gold,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysel' were dead and gone,
And the green grass growin' ower me!'

The '*Farewell to Bonnie Teviotdale*,' by THOMAS PRINGLE, is a noble example of the fervent love of country for which the people of Scotland are celebrated. The fifth stanza is most musical and poetical:

'Our native land, our native vale,
A long, a last adieu:
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!

'Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
Ye streams renowned in song;
Farewell, ye braes and blossomed meads
Our hearts have loved so long!

'Farewell the blithesome broomy knowes
Where thyme and harebells grow;
Farewell the hoary haunted hows
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

'To mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dail,
To martyr's grave and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

'Home of our love, our fathers' home,
Land of the brave and free,
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

'We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the western main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!'

The work is clearly printed, and illustrated and really 'embellished' with numerous wood-engravings of the first order of excellence.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: from the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the end of the Sixteenth Congress. By RICHARD HILDRETH. Volume Third: pp. 739. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

MR. HILDRETH can justly claim the credit of writing pure and simple English, and to have faithfully followed the plan which he laid out at the commencement of the work now completed. We cannot but agree, however, with a contemporary journal, that he lacks the analytical tact and the imaginative power which go to the formation of a great historian, such for example as either IRVING or PRESCOTT. 'He is not skilful in resolving motives or tracing out effects, and he fails in reviving the past with its actual warmth and glow;' so that the higher philosophical purposes of history are in a measure lost sight of. But yet the positive qualities of the work give it great interest and value. It is methodical, lucid, and comprehensive. 'As a key to American history, its use cannot be dispensed with. It will be referred to as a standard authority by the statesman and the politician. Every one should read it before the perusal of more elaborate works on the same subject. If, in its prevailing tone, it has somewhat of the dryness of a geometrical demonstration, it has also its clearness and accuracy and unmistakable point. The fascination of a romance it certainly cannot claim; but no one can deny it the compactness and precision of a legal digest.' The volume before us comprises the period between the meeting of the Tenth Congress in 1807, and the close of the Sixteenth Congress in 1821; one of the most eventful portions of the history of the United States. The British orders in Council, the Embargo, the war of 1812, the Hartford Convention, the Financial Embarrassments, the Missouri Question, and the Commencement of a New Era, are among the topics to which the volume is devoted. The author relates the facts in the case, with but little collateral discussion, and although not without strong political predilections, with prevailing fairness and impartiality.

JAPAN: AN ACCOUNT GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL, etc. By CHARLES MACFARLANE, Esq. Author of 'British India,' 'Life of WELLINGTON,' etc., etc. In one volume: pp. 365. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

APPEARING at the moment when our Government are dispatching national vessels to Japan, this very comprehensive, entertaining, and instructive work upon that singular country will be widely welcomed. It begins at the earliest period at which the islands composing the empire were known to Europeans, down to the present time, and the expedition fitted out in the United States, which expedition, in fact, suggested the work; the inquiry in relation to the country, and information as to its character, manners, customs, etc., being very general throughout America as well as England. The author tells us in his preface, and has made the assertion good in his work, that the materials for a good book on Japan are as numerous as for a work on any other eastern country. He has sought his information among Dutch, Portuguese, Latin, French, German, and other works; the Dutch being the best as well as the most voluminous authorities. From these he has compiled, as we have said, a very full and well-digested account of Japan and its people, including notices of their history and relations with other countries. The volume is very liberally illustrated, and like all the issues of PUTNAM, is characterized by great neatness of typography.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE A. J. DOWNING. — We were about to indite a few sentences touching the general loss which had been sustained in the melancholy demise of the late A. J. DOWNING, Esq., of Newburgh, when the following tribute to his character, his talents, and his memory, reached us from an esteemed correspondent, who has known him long and well. We submit it to the reader, as requiring no commendation at our hands:

'AMONG those who perished in the waters of the Hudson, by the burning of the steamer HENRY CLAY, no one filled a wider place in the eye of our country, or had a stronger hold on our best affections and sympathies, than A. J. DOWNING, Esq., of Newburgh, Orange county. The aggravating circumstances of his untimely death add to the present pang of separation, while the peculiar talent which has so suddenly ceased from among us will leave a void long unfilled in the future. The life of this gifted and remarkable man offers ample 'matériel' for a biography, which we hope will be written by some appreciating friend; but for the present we wish to lay our tribute of admiration and love beside the many which already cluster around his newly-closed grave.

'MR. DOWNING was emphatically a 'self-made' man. His early years were quietly and humbly passed on the same spot where he always resided, in pursuits which gave a bias to his life. His father was a poor but respectable nursery-gardener, and the advantages of mental culture which the son enjoyed were not such as most young men would consider indispensable to success. He was not a graduate of any college. His classical studies, under a teacher, proceeded no farther than the limit of an academic course. He was for some time a member of an institution at Montgomery, Orange county, then one of the first educational establishments in the country; but even there his fellow-students saw in the quiet, thoughtful and reserved boy no token of that genius which was so soon to outstrip them all, and place their young friend in a prominent position before the world. When his companions went from his side to various colleges, his spirit began to rouse itself, and find an unknown strength hidden in its depths. When they returned to pursue various professions at home, they wondered to see how those silent years of unaided effort and communing had begun to develop in the self-guided student a rare and precious talent. Soon the smouldering fire began to burn, the necessity for expression to be felt; and the future author and scholar, to whom beauty and symmetry and order already appealed, as to their own high priest and minister, first tried his pen in praise of the unrivalled scenery surrounding him. His maiden essay was a description of the 'Danskamer,' or 'Devil's Dancing-ground,' a point on the Hudson, seven miles north of Newburgh. This was published in the *New-York Mirror*, and followed by a similar paper regarding Beacon-Hill, and the adjacent Highlands at Fishkill. A discussion on Novel-Reading, written soon after, and some papers on Botanical Science, in a Boston journal, are all the printed records of this stage of his life. Years of unrecorded toil succeeded, during whose slow lapse his mind gradually fastened on those subjects to which he afterward devoted the whole strength and enthusiasm of his being. It would be deeply interesting to know what forces compelled him into this channel, for he had the soul of a poet, 'born, not made,' and might have attained fame in that way also. He had the eye of a painter and the ear of a musician, sufficiently critical and acute to have excelled in either branch of art. Young and self-guided, it was strange that sound practical wisdom should so early master the dreams of a boy, and mark out for him an unique and untrodden path, whose only aim and end was the improvement and happiness of his fellow-men.

'For some time before giving himself exclusively to the peculiar literature of his profession, Mr. DOWNING was proprietor of an extensive nursery-garden, where he wrought out most of his ideas on horticulture and arboriculture, and earned by experience the right to speak with authority. In 1840 his first work was published, entitled *'Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture.'* This drew public attention at once, by its immediate conformity to the want already felt in our country. Men of wealth and taste needed no longer to go to 'Loudon' and his fellows for advice, which required adaptation to our climate; and while, by giving themselves to Mr. DOWNING's guidance they encouraged his efforts, they received in return the result of his faithful and persevering labors, and a taste which proved infallible in its deductions. From 1840 to the present time his course has been one of undoubted success. His books followed each other as the popular voice demanded, and were cordially and eagerly received. His *Cottage Residences*, *Designs for Country Houses*, *Fruit and Fruit Trees of America*, with one or two small works, and the editorial charge of the *Horticulturist*, comprise his literary labors. His monthly contributions to the last-mentioned paper, since 1846, embrace some of the pleasantest portions of his writings, and as essays only, if devoid of practical interest, would go far to make the reputation of any man. There is scarcely another writer in America whose language is so crystally pure, so simply direct, and yet so finished and elegant, as Mr. DOWNING's. It flows like a limpid stream, without effort, to the sound of its own music. From his books and personal attractions at home, his name soon went abroad, and gathered to him complimentary notice from distinguished persons in Europe. He was elected corresponding member of the Royal Botanic Society of London, and of the Horticultural Societies of Berlin, the Low Countries, etc., beside those in every region of our own country. Queen ANNE, of Denmark, whose taste led her fully to appreciate copies of his works presented to her, sent him a magnificent ring as a testimony of her pleasure; and at the time of his death, and for years previously, he was in correspondence with men of high station abroad, who prized his friendship and his letters as they deserved. In 1850 he visited Europe for the first and only time, and was received, in England especially, by many noble and titled individuals, with an attention, and admitted to an intimacy, rarely accorded to a stranger. His letters, public and private, while absent, throw the freshness and sparkling interest of his own feelings around scenes often described and familiar to the traveller. This tour gave him great pleasure, and added confidence in his own powers, gained by contact and comparison with the best models of his art in older countries. But Mr. DOWNING was altogether AMERICAN. To his own land, in her young and luxuriant life, his feelings were truly devoted. He studied how to prune her wildness, direct her growth, and harmonize her chaotic elements. His eye roved with real fondness over every hill and valley where he wandered or rested. His unerring and intuitive taste saw at once the utmost possibilities of every landscape, and the direct means to attain a desired result. Neither was it a wearying or anxious process. Beauty nestled in his thought fully fledged, and needed only the fitting word to soar at once into air and sunshine. The public grounds at Washington, recently placed under his charge by Government, would have been a worthy field for the display of his great gifts, and he would have chosen no nobler monument, could he have wrought out in them his own magnificent idea. The question has been asked, had he no pupil in training who can complete them as they are begun? How could he teach to another what came to himself by inspiration? He was a gifted genius, one of a century, and could no more infuse into another soul the motives of his own, than his breath could move another's pulses. Hundreds of homes, daily increasing in beauty, will retain the traces of his forming hand. Houses, whose pleasant rooms, and cool arcades, and embayed windows, were of his own creation, will remain to guide the future architect, by the combination of beauty with utility. He had done much to refine, to elevate and expand the taste of our country, but those who knew him best, felt that his work was only commenced. His large and commanding intellect, his far-reaching views, his unaccomplished plans, seemed to demand a long life of industry for their fulfilment. Oh, how much of hope and promise is ended in his early grave! The finest whispers of the life of Nature thrilled his frame like a well-tuned harp. The most exquisite phases of feeling vibrated through his heart in cadences of emotion. The mysteries of thought unfolded themselves to his vision, for he was their interpreter and judge. The Spirit of Beauty surrendered herself to him, and grew lovelier in his care. Yet never was man freer from mere romance, or sickly sentimentality, than Mr. DOWNING. He was comprehended and appreciated by all, and brought to the level of the common-place and thoughtless ideas which ennobled and purified the slumbering elements of the most sordid soul. The laborer who planted his fruit-tree, and trained a vine about his door, followed this influence as truly, though blindly, as the man of millions who came to him for personal direction. No political causes, no wealth or adventitious circumstances, placed Mr. DOWNING in the high social and literary position he attained. *The quiet, resistless force of his own genius*, added to a charm and fascination of manner rarely seen, a keen and delicate wit, conversational powers of remarkable vigor and interest, drew toward him inevitably those who had the taste to understand and the heart to love him. His elegant mansion, built on his paternal property previous to his marriage with CAROLINE, eldest daughter of J. P. DE

WINDT, Esq., of Fishkill, became an Arcadian home of beauty and enjoyment. The charming and cultivated hospitality dispensed under such united influences, carried life in its daily details to a height of refinement, of which one may well congratulate himself to have been a partaker. Every tree and shrub around that desolated home speak of him in thrilling language. The flowers he tended with so much care, and whose unfolding always gave him joy, blossom brightly to-day, although he watches them no more. Here, among the scenes of his childhood, youth, and manhood, his spirit lingers, and the impress of his genius, his all-controlling sway, is written on hill-side and by stream, in humility and splendor! Here will abide, in increasing power, for years to come, the impulse he has given to public and private improvement; and here he is, and will continue to be; deeply and truly mourned. As his fame abroad spread wider and wider, the love of his neighbors and townsmen and their pride in him was striking deeper and deeper. Reserved to strangers, as a friend none was ever more constant, tender, and true. No one more delighted to pay those thoughtful, considerate attentions of friendship, which sink so gratefully into the heart of the recipient, and in time of sorrow none could more faithfully sympathize than he. We 'cannot choose but grieve,' when we feel that the 'places which knew him once shall know him *no more for ever!*' He is gone, from usefulness, from enjoyment, from his unfulfilled mission; and the clamoring heart constantly inquires: 'To what purpose was this *visita*?' From the throne of the CREATOR we hear the reply: 'Be still, and know that I am God, who doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. *What* I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

M.

RURAL LIFE 'UP THE RIVER.'—We must let our esteemed friend and correspondent, in his pleasant retirement 'up the river,' hear occasionally what is said of his 'Letters' by competent critics. 'Thus then' *'The Tribune'* daily journal, in a notice of the September number of the KNICKERBOCKER: 'A new and invaluable vein is opened in the *'Letters from Up the River,'* by a correspondent who wields a honey-dropping pen. His pictures of country-life are genuine masterpieces: he describes the familiar facts of natural history which daily pass before his eyes with all the charming naïveté of old WHITE of Selborne; and slyly introduces into his pleasant narrative a roguish humor that is quite irresistible. Our praise of these letters is not prompted by the fame of the author, for we had learned to admire them before we discovered that they are from the pen of a writer whose originality and vigor have already made him a favorite with the public.'

'Up the River, August 15th.

'THE drought during the present season has been severe, and has joined in an offensive league with grasshoppers and potato-bugs to produce a diminution of the crops. When my lawn was shaved a month or two ago, notwithstanding the expensiveness of hay, I reserved a single stack, and forbade it to be stored away, because I had not a sofa in the house. There I found it agreeable to lie every evening for a half hour or so during the month of July, looking up at the stars, listening to the music of the spheres, and the more palpable sound of a feminine voice crying, 'Get up this instant!—come into the house!' But I disregarded the feminine voice, and paid attention to the celestial melody. This is the way to look at the heavens above you, O my friend! and, losing sight of things terrene, to hang as if suspended in the middle of the concave vault, as though your eye were central among the orbs, and yourself were at the Delphi of the universe. How much companionship and study in the stars! Nor can I wonder at TYCHO BRAHE, who spent so many years in cold and solitary spots to hold communion with them; to welcome each new planet born to human sight, and give his shining protégé a name; to follow in the burning track of comets, and be with the constellations, even like

'BRIGHT PRÆTUS, shepherd of the night,
Tending his flock of stars.'

Astrology is not yet dead, and horoscopes are not yet banished. Oh! how untimely and discrepant is the tinkling sound which calls from meditations such as these to come and drink a cup of tea! I do not want a cup of tea. A couch like this, scented with clover and verbena, with the heavens for a dome, and the night-dews for a diadem, is better than VICTORIA'S throne. Yet I have known the same to be despised by an ungrateful beggar, who told me that he had not slept a wink the night before because the smell of the new-mown hay was so strong. I gave this beggar a bowl of ambrosial tea, and he would not drink it, but he requested coffee. I threw the tea away and gave him coffee. He blew it in hot waves from the rim with his pouting mouth, shook his head, and then worried it down to the extremest dregs. He crooked his fore-finger and told the girl to make him another bowl. She refused to do it, but I told her to go into the cellar and set the mill a-going; that may-be he was an angel come upon us unawares, although he looked like an angel in distress. He swallowed the contents of the second bowl, and said: 'They not know how to make coffee in this countree;' but presently he stroked his stomach leniently, and remarked, 'Now I feel petter.' Then he went on to complain of the new-mown hay. But the new-mown hay is a couch for a king to lie on, although my little stack, which was soft and ample a month ago, is matted down to a mere handful, and the dews of the night have become too chilling.

'Corn-husking is a merry festival, but the harvesting of the hay arouses all the sylvan sympathies, and puts me in a pleasant mood. There is a rich, broad mead before my door, and its distant edges undulate in shadowy coves, over which the mountain with its waving woods casts a deep shadow. Now it is shorn as neat and trim as the beard of any popinjay. In the burning noon-tide from day to day I watched the measured motion of the reapers' arms, the heads and spears of the clover and tall grasses as they fell in regular ranks before the whetted scythes, and then the tossing it on bright tines, and turning it to be cured by the sun and air. This is clean work, suited alike for patriarchs or boys, and truly to be envied in a cloudy day, or when the sun sinks low. Then have I marked the transfer of the conic heaps into the arms of the lofty man upon the loaded cart, the animated dialogue and witty rejoinders between the workers on the ground and him in air, as he packs down the fragrant masses beneath his feet, and the pleasant pilgrimage from heap to heap. There is a strength and grandeur in the patient ox, exciting admiration and almost love, beside a well-considered keeping betwixt himself and equipage. How do his great utility and the cumbrous, bulky masses which he has to draw; his elephantine movement and clumsy grace; the plain but outspread horns surmounting his expansive forehead, and his big liquid eye, accord with the unwieldy cart, with the burdensome yoke which bows his thick neck and spinal column to the ground, and with the long goad which draws forth a hollow sound as it is brought down with remorseless violence upon the frontal bones! And then his vocabulary, which he understands so well, composed of a few roots of Hebraic simplicity: 'Haw! Buck! Gee haw! Come around! I tell yer to haw, now!'

'The author of the 'Babylonish Ditty,' a cunning and melodious set of verses, came here to spend a Sunday in the country. He is a man of business, but he does not talk of stocks over his meals, nor sleep with a ledger under his pillow; but he intermingles the counting-house and the academy, and gathers time to pick a flower by the way-side, to play a tune on the guitar, or to throw off with facile hand at just and dexterous intervals some little balmy poem such as the

occasion may require. It was three by St. Paul's clock when we started off together, attended to the dépôt by a witty body-guard, and passing through the reeking streets over as many husks of corn as would have fed a thousand prodigals, and cobs enough to have treated all the pigs of Cincinnati, radishes for which there was no market, and the exfoliations of wilted cabbages, the whole leaguings together in a grand compound smell which would have made the town of Cologne jealous, we emerged presently, with a great roaring, rattling sound, to an expansive view of the Hudson river. When I lived in the town, there were, as COLERIDGE has it, so many 'well-defined' odors in my neighborhood, that I gave them each a separate name in honor of the Common Council. That which proceeded from where the old he-goat used to sit on the steps, in Greenwich-Avenue, I entitled *Odoriffe*; and that where the pig-pens and distilleries joined in a powerful compact, I christened 'Big Tom;' and so on with the rest; and every morning I used to be regularly saluted by them all. In the month of August they acted on the offensive, and drove me out of town, where now and then you might still encounter a wafted and straggling essence come out on a visit to 'Bone-boiling Terrace,' to form a matrimonial alliance with Quintessence. But oh! how pleasant, after the company of *Odoriffe*, Big Tom, and all that troop, the amicable jostling of daffodil and lily, eglantine and wild roses, sweet clover and new-mown hay! When from the cemetery of unburied cats, mephitic deleterious gases, and miasms of the gutter, you come upon the rivulets of fresh air, the perfumed streaks which intersect the aerial flood, the light zephyrs which have cooled their wings in the broad Hudson, and the delicious jets out-gushing from the caves of classic Kaätskill, the contracted lungs swell out with greedy suction, and in the first prickling sensation of the invigorating draught you sneeze tremendously with delight. How does the thickened blood roll back in ruddier globules from the heart upon the sallow cheek, with an erubescence like that of a timid maid when the aromatic breezes are wafted from recesses on the river's brink, from the wild spots, sweet hollows, coves, and knolls, which bloom at every season with the violet, the butter-cup, the liverwort, the azalia, the blue gentian, and the rose — enough to make a botanist lift up his hands with glee:

'I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
Where cowslips and the nodding violet blow.'

But I shall be getting into the realm of thin sentiment among the CHLOES, PHILISES, DAMONS, and pastoral personages, and Della-Cruscan shades.

'When arrived at night-fall at my own door, I called to FLORA with a most mitigating suavity of the liquids and vowel sounds: 'FEL-O-O-O-ER-RAH! has any one called here since I have been gone? Are there any letters or papers? Are the chickens well?' 'A—yes, Sir; the hen has left her chickens and gone to setting!' 'Good! good! let not her incubation be disturbed. Is there any cream in the house?' 'A—no, Sir.' 'Are there any eggs?' 'A—no, Sir.' 'Is there any ham?' 'A—no, Sir.' 'Are there any radishes in the garden?' 'A—no, Sir.' 'Are there any tomatoes?' 'A—no, Sir.' 'Is there any bread?' 'A—no, Sir.' 'Then go over to the neighbors and get them, and put the kettle on, and let's have tea.' In a short time the desired meal was accomplished, and the Babylonian put his little boy to bed, for he was drowsy in the extreme. The morrow dawned, and it was like all the Sabbath-days ever described in print, 'so cool, so calm, so bright, the bridal of the earth and sky.' The little stream which rolls at the mountain's base before the door was roughened by a susurring

breeze into crisp waves sparkling in the brightness of the sun. The sound of the church-going bell was heard afar off. The author of the Babylonish Ditty came down attired in a pair of cool, well-ironed white breeches, white stockings, and patent-leather shoes, and his little boy in a ditto style, with elegant ruffles on his shirt, and with a variegated ribband around his throat. My friend has his place of business in the city not far from where the naughty Wall-street debouches with its enormous tide of worldliness against the buttresses of Trinity Church, and then falls back to mingle with the current in the Broadway; and he said it was very grateful to him to have his religious sensibilities excited among the sequestered scenes of nature on a Sabbath-day. Then, as he walked along, with a sharp pen-knife cutting a scimeter out of a shingle for his little boy, he remarked on the vanity of town-worshippers; of the crowd of gilded carriages before churches whose inmates were listening to some 'crack preacher;' of the number of young men who stood sucking their canes in the porticoes, and staring at ladies; of the well-dressed and fat dinners afterward partaken, and the lethargic slumbers indulged. 'How many worship God,' said he, 'in sincerity and truth, of all the multitudes who keep holy day?' When he had done cutting his townsmen and the shingle, we drew near the antique church. It is in a thick grove of locusts, and built long before the Revolution, and its interior arrangements are extremely quaint, especially the pulpit where the very worthy minister holds forth.

'The service always held in it is after the model of the Church of England. C—— asked, with a little apprehension, if a long sermon might be expected; but on the present occasion it happened that there was no sermon at all. They had been pulling down the worm-eaten tower, and the congregation were dispersing to their homes as we arrived. The excuse alleged was, that the strong smell of the bats made the ladies sick. Some had already adjourned to the neighboring Dutch church, where HARVEY BIRCH was formerly confined. We found the whole porch covered with rubbish, consisting of old nails, decayed shingles, rafters gnawed to a thin and ragged edge, like crusts of bread, the mummies of deceased bats, their thin, vampire, black-ribbed wings, so different from the rich and sun-lit plumage of cherubs, sticking to the old boards.

'Into what deeper, blacker Erebus can bat-spirits go than the moonless nights in which they delight to flit with jerking rapidity! From the eaves and accidental loop-holes of this antique, sacred tower, which they had profaned for a hundred years, these obscene birds were now turned out in one filthy flock into the open day. Many of them went right smack into the golden sun, and fell stone dead on the graves of revolutionary and holy men. Others clutched the branches of old trees in the thickest gloom of the mountain woods, and when night drew on swarmed about the neighboring garrets, to the great dismay of long-haired women, diving into the windows of unlit chambers, or any blacker cavern than the surrounding night. The unfledged batlings tumbled down at the base into the midst of the timbers and hereditary rubbish; and now there was a cry of alarm, an exclamation of surprise among the small conclave who remained about the church, as if some wonder had been brought to light. The wardens and vestrymen, who were holding a council in the middle of the road, as they looked up through the trees to the place where the lamented tower had stood, with respect to some plans of rebuilding, and whether they should call in the aid of UPRON, and what kind of a cornice would afford most relief in this architectural distress, hastened up to the pile of boards, when, lo! it was proclaimed

that they were overrun with — chintzes, shall I say? — no, my brethren, they were overrun with bed-bugs! harbored among the penurious feathers of the birds of night. This obloquy also attaches to the cooing pigeons and to the dear doves. But a council of investigation, on putting their heads down closely to the decayed beams, decided that the bugs by which they were over-crawled were of a different kind. The fair sex, however, would not rely on the opinion of the committee, and the kindling-wood cannot be sold. They did not care what the warden said, or what the vestrymen thought: they would not admit the condemned timbers into their houses or at their hearths. Moreover, many have not been to church since. This is a valid excuse, and much better than that usually advanced by those who do not go to church on Sunday. For it must be confessed that the reigning piety of the day is of a very slim description. It is liable to colds and is affected by catarrhs, is scared by a passing cloud, and invariably kept in-doors by a shower, but hastens thin-clad to a ball on Monday night 'in thunder, lightning, or in rain.' But no one could wish his best friend to attend a church, if he were sure that he was going to the bugs.

The fate of the old tower is much lamented. It was a picturesque object seen through the trees as you came down the hills into the suburbs. The landscape which it set off misses it much, and the very eaves of the church, which it has overlooked and overshadowed so long, drip sympathizing tears. Once it had a slightly steeple and a musically-sounding bell. But the steeple had an inclination that the centre of gravity should not fall within the base, which sealed its doom; and the bell was transferred to the near church of St. HARVEY BRICH, wherein the Dutch worship; and last of all, the tower came down, which was the crowning glory of the whole. Now the edifice presents a Quaker-like plainness, but the quaint pulpit and sounding-board remain.

The author of the Babylonish Ditty was much grieved and disappointed at the loss of prayers and a sermon, and his little boy brandished his wooden sword in vindictive anger against the bats. In the afternoon, numbers of people came from a distance in carriages, but finding the place vacant, the tower prostrate, and the bat-odor enough to knock you down, they drew up in a sort of general levee before the parson's door. They wanted to know what was to be done in the emergency, how long the church was to remain closed, and whether the tower was to be rebuilt.

Thus was the sacred stillness of the day, so good for meditation, turned into buzz and bustle by profane birds, to admire which a naturalist must have the heart of a ghoul. When pinned to the surface of a board by their extended wings, they afford the most violent contrast which can be imagined to a butterfly or bird of paradise. Their flat heads, big mouths, big ears, ugly little sharp teeth, hideous expression, and offensive smell, fairly make one sicken with disgust. How angry they must have been to be turned out of the tower of which they held the lease for a hundred years, and paid the rent in guano! When the workmen began to hammer against their hiding-places, they responded by the faintest pe-wee mewings, like a nursery of Lilliputian cats. Well, they are gone, and where they will again find such good quarters, I know not. Let them inquire of some very wise owl. Rents are high.

I meant to have said something about a Sunday in the country, but all this has been long ago charmingly sketched in CRAYON, and exhausted by a more practised hand. Suffice it, when the sun sank down, calm and contemplative we sat in chairs upon the river's bank. Heat-lightning flashed in the battle-

mented clouds, while vapors imbued by the risen moon rested in fantastic forms upon the mountain's crest: the waves sparkled and flashed, and the snowy sails glided by like shadows from the spirit-land.

'TWENTY-FOURTH OF AUGUST. — To-day, at a beautiful seat on the Hudson, I saw a cherry-tree in full bearing. The fruit was as large as the morello, and as agreeable to the palate as the English ox-heart. I plucked and ate a few, drawing a comparison very unfavorable to plums, which are now luscious and abundant, and vary in size from a pigeon's egg to a pear. Of peaches we mourn the almost total loss. The fruitless limbs bring back the memory of many an eager and a nipping air in the bleak months which killed the buds. The watering mouths now long for the red cheeks and somewhat (to me) indifferent pulp of the Melicatoon. Where are El-Dorado, Lemon-Cling, and Lump-of-Gold, which whilom made the eyes to dance with joy? Oh! how precious was the fruitage! how inestimable the treasure on the bending, breaking limbs! Nevertheless, of melons, musk or water, there is no lack. How does the one, like pine-apple, almost excoriate the palate; and how does the blood-red pulp of the other, so beautifully variegated with its black and chocolate-colored seeds, (cut it how you will,) awaken anticipation for the parched and feverish tongue! It is a gushing fruit, and when the cooling chunks are in the mouth, the mercury which is in the veins goes down to temperate heat. You do but press it gently beneath the palate, and that apparently solid superficies which painters love to imitate has all vanished. It was but a mass of succulent and delicate veins and fibres filled with juice. This they say will be a good 'apple year,' and truly I am glad of it, for there is no fruit of which the loss is more severely felt. The taste never tires. All people are fond of a good apple. It is an interesting fruit from the very start. How enchanting is the orchard in the delicious season of early spring, when it is in full bloom! How pleasant at a later period to see the clean barrels stand beneath the trees all ready to receive the crisp and crackling Newtown Pippin, the Rhode-Island Greening, verdant as the grass, the Russet, the Pearmain, the Lady apple, which is so dear, and whose modest cheeks blush as if at the frequent praises of its delicacy and excellence. The apple is the companion of the winter evening, associated with a cheerful room, a bright fire, a pleasant tale, Scott's novels or the Arabian Nights. Perhaps it is nearly bedtime. Your eyes grow dim. You are fatigued with study, with chess, with checkers, with books; you sigh, you yawn, you stretch your arms above your head. All of a sudden a happy thought strikes you. BRING IN THE APPLES! It is like magic. The foot-lights go up, and the scene brightens.

'I mean to have some crab-apple cider this winter, if any can be had. I am subject to occasional fits of jaundice, when my feelings are hurt, or I have no money. The liver gets torpid, the skin becomes yellow, the eyes suffused with a saffron hue, (*Difficile bili tunet jecur*;) and nothing but crab-apple cider goes to the right spot, or does me any good. I mean to freeze out the watery particles, bottle it up, put in a raisin, cork it, seal it, bury it, and draw it out as jaundice may require. Is there any harm in that? I should think not. I will say to a friend: 'Aha! now let me give you a taste of something which will make your eyes open; something as delicate as ARIEL, and as fruity as was ever imprisoned in glassy walls; a pure juice, full of native flavor; and if you do not smack your lips, you are the incarnation of ingratitude.

'On for a vintage which hath been
Cooled for a long age in the deep-delved earth!'

There's amber for you! See the bubbles running races with each other to the beaded brim! This is no sour trash, sugar-of-leaded, and pumped full of gases in a New-Jersey cellar, and labelled 'Heidsieck.' This is *Crab-Apple Cider*, O my friend! Then he will taste it, and the widening ripples of approbation chase one another over his appreciating countenance, and you can see that he is much refreshed and recreated, and he will perhaps nod his head ominously, saying: 'If that is not good, call me horse, spit on me.' All hospitality is flat and ungenerous, good my friend, without some outward sign to represent the grace of welcome. The sign, too, must have a little of the warmth and spice of friendship testified. Mark that, for it accords with the established laws of genial human nature. It is as old as ADAM and EVE's eldest children. It is on this account, more than for my own yellowness or jaundice, that I will be provided with crab-apple cider in the fall. It is a somewhat acid fruit, but when expressed the fluid is brisk, and sparkling, and refreshing. There is an apple-tree of an unknown kind behind my house, and ever and anon the apples fall with considerable violence and with a thumping sound upon the roof, roll down upon the piazza, thence to the ground. The other night they startled me in my bed, and I thought the knocking-spirits were on hand. I came down stairs to see that all was right, and being loth to return again, sat down, seized a pen, spread out paper, and to this circumstance the present long-winded, I fear uninteresting, epistle is partly due. *Adios.*

F. W. S.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We are indebted to an esteemed friend resident in Washington, for the ensuing letters from the elder ADAMS. They have never before been published, and will be read with interest. They are copies of original manuscripts, forming part of a large and extremely interesting collection of rare American and other autographs, in the possession of JAMES C. MCGUIRE, Esq., of Washington, a gentleman well known for his refined tastes and genuine love of art, to whom we have already been indebted for autograph-letters of CHARLES LAMB, and other English worthies:

'Quincy, November 38, 1814.

'DEAR SIR: When my son departed for Russia, I enjoined upon him to write nothing to me which he was not willing should be published in French and English newspapers. He has very scrupulously observed the rule.

'I have been equally reserved in my letters to him: but the principle on both sides has been to me a cruel privation, for his correspondence when absent, and his conversation when present, has been a principal enjoyment of my life.

'In the enclosed letter he has ventured to deviate, and has assigned his reason for it. I think, however, that I ought to communicate it to you.

'I have no papers that I recollect that can be of any service to him. I published in the *Boston Patriot* all I recollected of the negotiations for peace in 1782 and 1783. But I have no copy of that publication in manuscript or print, and I had hoped never to see it or hear of it again.

'All that I can say is, that I would continue this war for ever, rather than surrender one acre of our territory, one iota of the fisheries, as established by the third article of the Treaty of 1783, or one sailor impressed from any merchant-ship.

'I will not, however, say this to my son, though I shall be very much obliged to you if you will give him orders to the same effect.

'It is the decree of PROVIDENCE, as I believe, that the nation must be purified in the furnace of affliction.

'You will be so good as to return my letter, and believe me your respectful fellow-citizen and sincere public and private friend,

JOHN ADAMS'

'PRESIDENT MADISON.'

'Quincy, April 22, 1817.

'DEAR SIR: As I can make no apology for so long forgetting to return the volumes enclosed, I must without qualification beg your pardon. This work, though it bears the name of CONDORCET alone, was understood to be written in concert between him and his great patron, the Duke DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT; as well as the 'New Heaven,' and several other publications in favor of a government 'in one centre,' genuine disciples of Mr. TURGOR. I was personally treated with great kindness by these three great and good men. But I lamented and deplored, notwithstanding their profound science and learning, what appeared to me their blind infatuation to a chimera. I shuddered at the prospect of what appeared to me the inevitable consequences of their theory, of which they made no secret. I wondered the more at this, because the Abby DE MABLY was their intimate friend, their social and convivial companion, whose writings were familiar to them.

'The truth is, that none of these gentlemen had ever any experience of a free government. It is equally true that they had never deliberately thought, or freely spoken, or closely reasoned upon government, as it appears in history, as it is founded in nature, or as it has been represented by philosophers, priests, and politicians, who have written upon the subject. They had picked up scraps, but had digested nothing.

'CONDORCET's observations on the twenty-ninth book of the Spirit of Laws; HELVETIUS, too, in his Letters to MONTESQUIEU, printed in Mr. JEFFERSON's translation of TRACY; CONDORCET's Life of TURGOR; his Progress of the Human Mind; and even NECKAR's Executive, appear to me the most pedantical writings that ages have produced. Every one of these writers must be an original genius. He must discover something that no man had ever conceived before him. 'Genius' and 'simplicity' are their eternal idols, or rather hobbies. Genius with them is a more privileged order than ever existed among men. Is not Despotism the simplest of all imaginable governments? Is not Oligarchy the next, Aristocracy the third, and a simple Democracy of twenty-five millions of men the fourth? All these are simple governments with a vengeance! Erect a house of a cubic form, one hundred feet square at the base, without any division within into chambers, parlors, cellars, or garrets. Would not this be the simplest house that ever was built? But would it be a commodious habitation for a family? It would accommodate nothing but a kennel of hunters' hounds. These gentlemen all affect to be great admirers of nature. But where in nature do they find the models of their adored simplicity? Is it in the *mécanique céleste*? Is it in vegetable or animal mechanism? Is it in Mynbeer LIONET's dissections and microscopic observations on the willow caterpillar, in which he has found more veins, and muscles, and fibres than in the human body? No. The real wisdom, the genuine taste, the correct judgment, consists in adapting necessary means to necessary ends. Here too much simplicity cannot be applied.

'I am not an implicit believer in the inspiration or infallibility of MONTESQUIEU: on the contrary, it must be acknowledged that some of these philosophers have detected many errors in his writings. But all their heads consolidated into one mighty head would not equal the depth of his genius or the extent of his views. VOLTAIRE alone excels or equals him. When a writer on government despises, sneers, or argues against mixed governments, or a balance in government, he instantly proves himself an Ideologian. To reason against a balance because a perfect one cannot be composed or eternally preserved, is just as good sense as to reason against all morality, because no man has been perfectly virtuous. Not only MONTESQUIEU but the Abby DE MABLY, who some of them said never wrote any thing but '*choses communes en style commun*,' might have taught them more sense, though he too indeed was not always steady nor correct in his opinions. Scattered here and there in his writings are correct sentiments. Accidentally his PHOCION is on my table. In the second conversation, page forty-five and forty-nine, he censures Monarchy, pure Aristocracy, and popular government. The laws are not safe under these administrations, which leave too free a career to the passions. He dreaded the power of a prime, sole legislator, sole judge of justice and law. He was terrified in Aristocracy with the pride and avarice of the grandees, who, believing that every thing is theirs, will sacrifice without scruple the interests of society to their private advantage. He shuddered, in Democracy, at the caprices of a multitude, always blind, always extreme in their desires, and who condemn to-morrow with fury that which they approve to-day with enthusiasm.

'What is the security against these dangers? According to PLATO, PHOCION, and DE MABLY, 'An able mixture of all these governments; the public power should be divided into different parts, capable of controlling, restraining, over-awing each other; of balancing each other, and of reciprocally moderating each other.'

'In the Abby's own remarks upon this second conversation, page two hundred and four, he says: 'All the ancient philosophers thought like PLATO, and the most celebrated statesmen have always wished to establish in their cities a mixed policy, which, by confirming the empire of the laws over the magistrates, and the empire of magistrates over the citizens, should unite the advantages of the three ordinary governments, and have none of their inconveniences.'

'To ask which is the best government, Monarchy, Aristocracy, or Democracy, is to ask what greater or lesser evils can be produced by the passions of a prince, of a senate, or a multitude. To ask whether a mixed government is better than any other, is to ask whether the passions are as wise, as just, and as moderate as the laws.'

'The accidental discovery of your books in my little library, and the name of CONNORCET, have drawn my thoughts to a subject which I had long since endeavored to forget, as wholly desperate.

'I fear, Sir, you will wish that I had feloniously appropriated your books to my own use, rather than have returned them with so impertinent a letter.

'I return them with thanks for the loan of them, and with thanks for your long, laborious, able and successful services to your country.

'With best wishes for your happy life, I am, with respect and esteem, your obliged servant,

'PRESIDENT MADISON.'

'JOHN ADAMS.'

SITTING at the desk of our esteemed friend and correspondent, 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' a morning or so ago, we encountered the following open epistle, addressed to a mutual friend, whose 'Up-River Letters' impart such life and interest to these pages. Forthwith we resolved to send him the missive in print, through the mail, to the end that others might have an opportunity of profiting by his private correspondence. If in so doing we have 'done evil,' it is to be hoped that 'good may come' of it:

'MY DEAR FRIEND: I am at home, after spending a few days with our hospitable friends in Huntington, with whom we had much cheerful disport, now taking the scaly wags of the deep, and anon refreshing ourselves with cheerful beakers under the lee of the canvassed mast. To me there is something inexpressibly charming in the coast scenery of Long-Island, nor do I believe there is any much more beautiful in the world. To be sure, there are shores that rise sublimely into the clouds; savage and inaccessible cliffs, where the sea-birds make 'their beds and procreant cradles;' immense mountain ranges, like the Alps, that overlook the Mediteranean, or the still grander Andes, uplifting their giant shoulders above the clouds, and casting their reflections leagues and leagues upon the surface of the Pacific: but to me there is an element of beauty in the scenery around Huntington that is peculiar to itself, or rather peculiar to the island, not to be under-estimated even when compared with grander works of the celestial PAINTER. There is something in those gentle sweeps and curves of creamy sea-sand; those inlets and cradled coves, overbowered with leafage; those blue lapses of water, seen through tree-trunks and ornaments of cottage gardening, that is full of unspeakable beauty. The eye drinks the delight placidly: we are not confounded, awed, overwhelmed, surprised, but simply happy.

'For my part, I am weary of city-life, and sigh for the Great MOTHER. I see the waving of trees, but they are rooted in a church-yard, or grow between flag-stones. I hear the notes of singing birds, but they are pewter canaries at sixpence a-piece. I am tired of water running up and down leaden pipes, and through cocks and filters: I want to see it rise like a Naiad, dripping from the well. I am haunted of 'stoops,' and have a sort of green-sickness for porches clambered over with greenery: I wish for other flowers than artificial; and desire to look upon rain, not as an inconvenience, but as a blessing to the crops:

'I'd kind o' like to have a cot
Fixed on some sunny slope; a spot
Five acres, more or less,
With maples, cedars, cherry-trees,
And poplars whitening in the breeze.

'T would suit my taste, I guess,
To have the porch with vines o'erhung,
With bells of pendent woodbine swung,
In every bell a bee;
And 'round my latticed window spread
A clump of roses, white and red.

'To solace mine and me,
I kind o' think I should desire
To hear around the lawn a choir
Of wood-birds singing sweet;
And in a dell I'd have a brook,
Where I might sit and read my book.

'Such should be my retreat,
Far from the city's crowds and noise;
There would I rear the girls and boys,
(I have some two or three,)
And if kind HEAVEN should bless my store
With five or six or seven more,
How happy I would be!'

Now, 'up-river' friend, peruse you the foregoing, and also the two following passages from other epistles; for, as DOGBERRY says, they 'discern you nearly:' 'Your correspondent has at last got his Shanghai hen! I wish him joy of it. He should have seen the brutes, as I have, in the unmitigated ungainliness of early youth; stalking about the barn-yard on stilts, gazing stupidly around from that bad eminence; blown over by every sudden blast of wind, or coming down heels-over-head on a kernel of corn. My Shanghais began life with an inordinate pair of drum-sticks, and have been running to legs ever since. They remind me of nothing but the ostrich, which I saw long, long ago, with my little brother, who in his excitement fed the creature on pennies, and burst into tears when, as the last copper was gulped down, the sense of utter bankruptcy broke upon him. Their crow is not the honest Saxon crow, expressive of day-break, love, war, and animal spirits, but a horrid guttural ejaculation, between a Chinese sentence, as described by missionaries, and a badly-blown dinner-horn. They move like a man whose legs are asleep: in fact, their whole carriage is such that I wonder the country louts, stumbling along the road to church, do not recognize their own gait in that of the wretched fowls, and feel 'the deep damnation of the taking off.' My game-cock has gone mad on the subject. Reared by that noble EARL OF DERBY, who lately forsook breeding race-horses and fighting-chickens to assume the reins of government, this bird, whose family is as old as the earldom, cannot bear the sight of a great commoner like a Shanghai. Every one of their actions, however innocent, he considers personal. He climbs their sides holding by one feather, like a midshipman boarding a 'liner.' He cannot take his own meals, for fear that they will get a morsel. He follows them all day like a shadow, which, at this rate, he will soon become. One question presses upon me: Will the Shanghais ever stop growing, or shall I wake some morning to find the barn-yard in their possession, several farm-hands in their crops, and a deputation of domestic poultry waiting at the door of the house to pick up the family as they come out, and breakfast on their benefactors? Let your correspondent consider this while his fowls are yet in the corn-crib.' GEOFFREY CRAYON, learned in hencraft, told us the other day at Sunnyside that his opinion of the Shanghai was not at all in favor of that bird over the better class of his American 'contemporaries.' But listen to another correspondent, who discourseth of bats: 'I always believed that bats were injured individuals, and now that the old slander against them has actually appeared in print, they have some claim to a defence. So your 'Up-River' correspondent killed the bat, after a long chase around his room? What for? The poor bat took no particular pleasure in being there—rather was trying to escape. It was not *he* that killed the canary: he had no evil designs upon Shanghai. 'Oh, but I was afraid he would get into my hair!' But did a bat ever get into *any body's* hair? If so, I would like to know when and where; 'specifications of time and place,' as the court-martials have it. Why *should* he have any such wish? Would he find any thing there to suit him? Monkeys have a trick of 'hunting heads,' but bats differ in their tastes. To be sure, the silky locks of a lady the bat might be commended for seeking to

nestle in; but a gentleman's hair — possibly red, and perhaps the 'dowry of some second head' — is altogether a different matter. 'Is it his own *hare*, or a *wig*?' That bat was a victim to gross prejudice! - - DICKENS'S '*Bleak-House*' continues with unabated interest. If one were to object to any thing in the progress of the narrative, it would perhaps be, that the descriptions of unimportant scenery and objects are occasionally too minute, implying a necessity to eke out the requisite number of pages. So we thought, at least, while reading in the number before us the over-elaborate picture of 'Mr. GUPPY'S Entertainment.' But what a touching scene is that depicted in the visit by BUCKET the police-officer to a modern 'Alsatia' in the heart of London, where poor humanity reeks like compost in the midst of old, decayed, and desolate dwellings, full of 'all loathsome things that are!' It is altogether in DICKENS'S most felicitous vein:

'And who have we got here to-night?' says Mr. BUCKET, opening another door, and glaring in with his bull's-eye. 'Two drunken men, eh? And two women? The men are sound enough,' turning back each sleeper's arm from his face to look at him. 'Are these your good men, my dears?'

'Yes, Sir,' returns one of the women. 'They are our husbands.'

'Brick-makers, eh?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'What are you doing here? You don't belong to London.'

'No, Sir. We belong to Hertfordshire.'

'Whereabout in Hertfordshire?'

'Saint Albans.'

'Come up on the tramp?'

'We walked up yesterday. There's no work down with us at present; but we have done no good by coming here, and shall do none, I expect.'

'That's not the way to do much good,' says Mr. BUCKET, turning his head in the direction of the unconscious figures on the ground.

'It ain't, indeed,' replies the woman with a sigh. 'JENNY and me knows it full well.'

The room, though two or three feet higher than the door, is so low that the head of the tallest of the visitors would touch the blackened ceiling if he stood upright. It is offensive to every sense; even the gross candle burns pale and sickly in the polluted air. There are a couple of benches, and a higher bench by way of table. The men lie asleep where they stumbled down, but the women sit by the candle. Lying in the arms of the woman who has spoken is a very young child.

'Why, what age do you call that little creature?' says BUCKET. 'It looks as if it was born yesterday.' He is not at all rough about it; and as he turns his light gently on the infant, Mr. SNAPE is strangely reminded of another infant encircled with light, that he has seen in pictures.

'He is not three weeks old yet, Sir,' says the woman.

'Is he your child?'

'Mine.'

'The other woman, who was bending over it when they came in, stoops down again, and kisses it as it lies asleep.'

'You seem as fond of it as if you were the mother yourself,' says Mr. BUCKET.

'I was the mother of one like it, master, and it died.'

'Ah, JENNY, JENNY!' says the other woman to her; 'better so. Much better to think of dead than alive, JENNY! Much better!'

'Why, you ain't such an unnatural woman, I hope,' returns BUCKET, sternly, 'as to wish your own child dead?'

'God knows you are right, master,' she returns. 'I am not. I'd stand between it and death with my own life, if I could, as true as any pretty lady.'

'Then do n't talk in that wrong manner,' says Mr. BUCKET, mollified again. 'Why do you do it?'

'It is brought into my head, master,' returns the woman, her eyes filling with tears, 'when I look down at the child lying so. If it was never to wake no more, you'd think me mad, I should take on so. I know that very well. I was with JENNY when she lost hers — warn't I, JENNY? — and I know how she grieved. But look round you, at this place. Look at them, glancing at the sleepers on the ground. 'Look at the boy you're waiting for, who's gone out to do me a good turn. Think of the children that your business lays with often and often, and that you see grow up!'

'Well, well,' says Mr. BUCKET, 'you train him respectable, and he'll be a comfort to you, and look after you in your old age, you know.'

'I mean to try hard,' she answers, wiping her eyes. 'But I have been a-thinking, being overtired to-night, and not well with the ague, of all the many things that'll come in his way. My master will be against it, and he'll be beat, and see me beat, and made to fear his home, and perhaps to stray wild. If I work for him ever so much, and ever so hard, there's no one to help me; and if he should be turned bad, spite of all I could do, and the time should come when I should sit by him in his sleep, made hard and changed, ain't it likely I should think of him as he lies in my lap now, and wish he had died as JENNY'S child died?'

'There, here!' says JENNY. 'Liz, you're tired and ill. Let me take him.'

'In doing so she displaces the mother's dress, but quickly readjusts it over the wounded and bruised bosom where the baby has been lying.'

'It's my dead child,' says JENNY, walking up and down as she nurses, 'that makes me love this child so dear, and it's my dead child that makes her love it so dear too, as even to think of its being taken away from her now. While she thinks that, I think what fortune would I give to have my darling back. But we mean the same thing, if we knew how to say it, us two mothers does, in our poor hearts!'

If you have perused the above without a little moisture in your eyes, reader, you are 'not of our way o' thinking,' - - - Although it may be 'JOHNNY THOMPSON'S news' to many of our readers, to speak of the '*Opening of the Buffalo and New-York City Rail-Road*,' when the celebration has been so elaborately described by the daily journals, and copied far and wide by the contemporary press, still we cannot forbear a brief record of our own impressions on the occasion—an occasion which will never be forgotten. With two friends, we swept over the Erie Rail-road to Owego; one an English gentleman, who had never before passed along the valleys of the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Chemung: and sitting in an open car, (thanks to the kind attention of Mr. ELY, Government Mail-Agent,) looking out on either side upon the alternate beautiful, picturesque and sublime scenery that flitted past us, the frequent exclamations of surprise and admiration were not unexpected to us, who had so often enjoyed the same scenes before. But from Owego—whence we were to be accompanied by the genial friends who had joined the train at 'Sh'ang P'int' and the latter place—all was to be new, even to ourselves. Of our journey through the beautiful valley of the Chemung; of the charming and flourishing villages of Elmira and Corning; of the primitive region through which the rail-road leads from the latter place to Hornellsville, it will be our province and our pleasure to 'speak from full notes' hereafter. At Hornellsville, where it intersects the 'New-York and Erie,' begins the 'Buffalo City and New-York Road' proper. It is of the 'broad-gauge,' and without exception the most firmly-built and smoothly-running road we ever traversed. Arrived at Portage, the grand 'stand-point' of the day, we found some ten thousand people, gathered around a large hotel, recently erected, and straying, in crowds and picturesque groups, to a neighboring tent, surmounted with flags and streamers, 'flouting the breeze:' of which latter commodity, by-the-by, there might have been more, without much detriment, for it was an *intensely* hot day. But who could think of the heat, the crowd, or *any* 'désagrémens,' when the awful gorge, 'rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,' through which the Genesee seeks its tortuous and tortured way toward Lake Ontario, lay before us, and the even more sublime spectacle, the *Portage Rail-Road Bridge*, which spans it? This wonderful work, altogether the most imposing of its kind in the world, owes its first conception, its successful progress, and triumphant completion, to the genius, the energy, and the skill of Colonel SILAS SEYMOUR, and the capable and chosen assistants whom he had the forecast and good fortune to assemble around him. Taking the arm of an old and esteemed friend, himself an engineer of the first distinction, we went zig-zagging down the deep, *deep* bank alone, and standing at the bottom, by the water's edge, looked up at the dizzy pile, the work of Man's art, as it sprang from its massive stone piers of thirty feet in height, and melted in the 'celestial blue' above. Tier on tier it rose, with upright timbers, the smallest of which would have made the biggest 'mast of some tall admiral,' and multitudinous braces, ties, and counter-arching timbers—up it rose! The eye was *fatigued* with its vastness—eight hundred feet in length, and two hundred and thirty-four feet in height; while below was a first fall of seventy-five feet, farther on another of twice that distance, and beyond the Genesee, winding its way to the first of our great inland oceans! While we are looking at this, and wondering at the 'handiwork of MAN,' in the 'image of God,' an enormous train enters upon the western end of the bridge, at that giddy height above us, and crowded, 'inside, outside, on the top, brimming, swarming, running over' with cheering, shouting


passengers, almost *spans* the bridge: yet is there not the slightest jar; not the least creaking; no trembling in *any* part of the vast structure, which will sustain with entire safety twenty times the weight that can possibly be put upon it. Such is the *Great Rail-Road Bridge at Portage*, with all the choice timber of two hundred and fifty acres of pine forest, and one hundred and ninety thousand pounds of iron bolts and bands swallowed up in its symmetrical mass! And yet our friend the engineer thereof, slightly built and strangely youthful, walked modestly amidst the wondering crowds that thronged around the monument of his genius; thinking, it may be, of his triumph over all doubt and apprehension, but 'aperiently' as calm as a summer's morning. 'Long may he wave!' We are left but little space to speak of the entertainment so liberally provided, and so admirably prepared for the occasion, by that well-known caterer, Mr. BLOOMER, of Buffalo. Every thing was there that a *gourmet* could desire; rare meats, vegetables, fish, flesh, fowl, fruits and flowers, in the utmost profusion, with abundant wines, of all kinds, and of the best, from champagne *frappé* to choice Hocks and Burgundies. Three thousand persons in all partook of this bounteous repast. Of the speeches of Governor HUNT, Mr. President LODER, and other distinguished guests, 'can we not now report,' save to say that they were replete with interest, and warmly received by the assembled multitudes. - - - A FIRM in the State of Delaware, some years ago, wrote to a man in Ohio, saying that they had a claim against a Mr. J — T —, and asking for information concerning him. They received the following reply: 'Gentlemen: I received your letter of the sixteenth. It was forwarded to me at this place, with twenty cents postage *unpaid*. When the firm of 'A. AND W. H.' is sufficiently prosperous in business to be able to advance twenty cents postage on a letter, I may give them some information about Mr. J — T —.' The firm of 'A. AND W. H.' then wrote to another person in the same place, and thereupon the writer of the preceding letter addressed them another, as follows: 'Gentlemen: I am informed that you have written to Mr. O — for information concerning Mr. J — T —, and that you actually advanced the postage on your letter! Allow me to congratulate you upon this evidence of your commercial prosperity. I am also informed that the amount of your claim against Mr. J — T — is ten dollars. I guessed as much. I knew no body could ever escape from the State of Delaware owing you *above* that sum. Let me caution you against such imprudent expansion of the credit-system in mercantile transactions.' Sharp correspondence this, it strikes us! - - - A CLUSTER of clever 'cur'osities' from the private gossip of a friend in Saint Louis, in a recent letter to the Editor: 'Speaking of 'brute creations,' reminds me of a specimen of the 'flat-head tribe' who honors us with his presence and 'patronage' about these days. He is an amateur-sportsman, and owns a beautiful setter-slug, his constant companion. Walking with a lady a few days ago, she remarked to him: 'What a fine dog you have, Mr. M —!' 'Miss —,' said he, 'that is not a dog: it is *one of your own sex*!' — I know of a rare specimen of the '*Dandy in Words*,' who now 'holds forth' in the city of Louisville. He writes very blank verse, and quotes from TUPPER, and is, in fact, a 'progeny.' In the course of a discussion in that city, at a small party where he and divers young ladies were assembled, they were agreed as to the mistake that two of their friends had made in getting married, being, as was supposed, so very unlike in every respect. Our 'dandy' broke out as follows: 'Did you ever know any such mismating among the *brute* species? There, dove mates with dove, and wood-pecker with wood-pecker. Did you ever hear of the mild

and gentle dove mating with the wood-pecker?' Cries of 'Never! never!' — A little friend of mine being asked by her mother, after she had said the Lord's Prayer, what she supposed was the meaning of *'Amen'*, said: 'I guess it means 'Good bye, Lord!' — I went to hear an eccentric WESLEYAN preacher some time ago, and was very much amused and edified. The discourse was on love, and the superiority of heavenly over earthly love. As a proof of the weakness of the latter, he mentioned Job, who, he said, 'had plenty of friends as long as his 'property' lasted; but as soon as that was gone, and he became as poor as his own cat, his friends all left him, and even *Mrs. Job* deserted him!' — Now and then, of a cool evening, I stray into the colored Baptist church of this precinct. The exhorters and preachers are all Ethiopians, and the performances are sadly ridiculous, and exceedingly like a caricature. It is customary there to sing and exhort at the same time, and a more confused and noisy mode of worship could not be invented. The congregation were engaged in a hymn a few evenings ago, when a black elder, with a very loud voice, commenced calling on awakened sinners to come 'forrard' onto the anxious bench. 'Ef there is 'ary' hungry soul,' said he, 'let him *come along!* Ef there is ary 'thusty' soul, let him *come along!*' And in his prayer he asked for a 'sin-drivin' power' and 'a devil-drivin' power,' to drive away all 'inickerty!' - - - A FRIEND whom we have never seen, but whom we should be right well pleased to take by the hand, at the door of his own hospitable mansion, writes us as follows from his *'Home, Crawford county, Georgia:'*

'SAM SLICK never uttered a more profound truth than when he said that it was 'harder to do without a luxury, once indulged in, than a real necessary.' I find it so in regard to the KNICKERBOCKER. I have been a delighted, instructed, and amused reader thereof for several years; but in December last, a fit of economy (false economy, I acknowledge,) came over me, and I discontinued your Magazine, with several other publications. I have been regretting and missing the KNICKERBOCKER so much, that I cannot rest satisfied any longer, but have ordered it this day through the publisher, requesting all back numbers for this year.

'I am a planter by profession, taste and choice. I reside on my plantation. I greatly regret the change of society in the planting States. Formerly the planters almost invariably resided on their farms, and the society was not so convenient as in a city. Yet it was purer, equally refined, and more intelligent. Now, the foolish and fashionable custom has banished 'the good old way;' and parents must leave their proper homes and go to the city or town, for the sake of society for their children. Such association may give them more pertness and show, but less solid worth. No better people ever lived, or more polished gentlemen, than the Southern planters, in days gone by. True, no one loves or enjoys society, or mixing with friends, more than I do; but I never *require* it for my contentment. With the KNICKERBOCKER, HARPER'S Magazine, BLACKWOOD, and about twenty other publications, of all varieties, and such standard novels and other works as I can command, I never lack for society. I am sometimes months at home without leaving; yet I am ever ready to receive a friend, and give him a warm welcome, and as the tavern-keepers invariably advertise, 'the best the country affords.' I wish some of those delightful jaunts into the country, of which you sometimes speak, could be given to my sunny home.'

We cordially thank our correspondent for his kind invitation, and his kinder words of sympathy with the 'little people' of whom we sometimes make mention in this familiar chit-chat of ours with the reader. 'Who *but* a parent,' he adds, with truthful fervor, 'can truly appreciate and enjoy all the little winning ways of children? I am keeping my own at home with us, and not hunting society for them. I am letting them follow nature rather than art: at least until they are well prepared for boarding-school, college, and travel.' - - - JUDGE J——, of Ohio, is noted for his keen perception of the ludicrous, lively imagination, and just appreciation of the beautiful, as well as for his sound sense and judicial knowledge. He related to a friend of ours in Washington the other



day, while speaking of a recent visit to the Falls of Niagara, the following: 'You cannot take any position on the banks of the river below the cataract, where it is possible to find a seat, that some new and yet more beautiful view does not present itself. One feels like a very insignificant creature, and the idea of a superior Power comes to his mind and heart with awful impressiveness. I could have remained for half a day in one spot, musing and meditating in this temple of God's own making; but I had all my poetry and reverential feeling marred by the observations of a practical Yankee. 'This is all very fine,' said he, 'but there is a right smart stream which divides tew keönties in the State of Varmeöunt, that pitches deöwn abeöut a hundred and twenty feet, and is every way sueperior, as a water-peöwer, to this 'ere!' He then went into a mathematical calculation as to the number of spindles each would drive, and talked voluminously (if not luminously) of hydraulics and hydrostatics in general. 'But, you see, what gives the advantage to the falls in Varmeöunt,' he continued, 'is, that there is a fust-rate place to put up cotton-mills, while here yeöu can't find any greöund at all to build on.' The suspension-bridge, however, took his fancy. 'That,' said he, 'I consider a great work of art; and the beauty of it is, there does n't appear to be any effort in putting it there, for the hull thing cost only abeöut ten theöusand dollars, and it paid itself the fust year!' - - - An Oswego journal speaks of Mr. J. AUCHINCLOSS, a gentleman formerly of this city, (who has opened a new store in that flourishing place, for the sale of all kinds of fancy articles, useful and ornamental,) as 'one of those valuable packages that come done up in small parcels, his heart being so big as to be out of all proportion to his body.' We have only to add, that if any of our northern friends have a 'fancy' for the KNICKERBOCKER, they can order that 'article' through Mr. Auchincloss, and be abundantly supplied. - - - Isn't there much truth in the ensuing brief passage? We put the question to all among our readers who are parents: 'Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home, by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let a parent make a companion of his child; converse with him familiarly, put to him questions, answer inquiries, communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation, awaken his curiosity, explain difficulties, the meaning of things, and the reason of things; and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task; and he himself will be astonished at the progress which will be made. The experiment is so simple that none need hesitate about its performance.' - - - 'Two friends of mine were walking about one fine evening,' writes a correspondent with the 'cacoëthes scribendi' strong upon him, 'when they observed a star 'shooting.' What was rather remarkable, after falling to the earth a short distance from them, it continued to gleam. 'Here, at last,' said one of them, 'is an opportunity, which I have long desired, to examine the matter of 'shooting-stars.' The two friends hastened to reach it while it was yet warm, picturing the while the extent to which they might possibly figure among the savants as the original discoverers of an aërolite, hot from the foundry. They reached the vicinity of the mysterious mass, expecting to encounter a stifling odor of brimstone and an overpowering sensation of heat. Imagine, then, their 'pheelinks' on finding the 'thing,' whose earth-ward hegira and final arrival they had witnessed with such rapture, to be nothing but a—lightning-bug!' - - - We have, as our readers are aware, heretofore borne testimony kindred to the following, voluntarily tendered by 'The Star'

morning journal: 'If there is one man in the community who has made himself a 'shining mark' among his compeers by dint of sheer tact, industry and enterprise, that man is GENIN, the hatter. He is a striking example of what can be accomplished by resolution, assiduity, a constant endeavor to please, a liberal expenditure of means for the necessary notoriety, a character for producing the best goods at reasonable prices, and for incomparable promptitude, energy, and dispatch. His store in Broadway, beside the Museum, is a model in every respect, turning out its hundreds of hats per day for all classes of society in this vicinity, and its thousands per day for the supply of the great West, the South, and other distant points, where comfort, elegance, and economy are appreciated. His Bazaar, up Broadway, by Spring-street, is another brilliant specimen of his genius; furnishing almost every thing for men, women, and children, in a certain line, that taste can demand or luxury prize.' - - - We annex two 'samples' of American verse, which are somewhat remarkable for not stumbling upon any sort of regular rhyme. The first is from '*A New Song in Praise of Louis Napoleon and the Americans*,' and is from the pen of some expatriated revolutionary Hibernian:

'Ye sons of Erin and friendly neighbors,
I mean to sail to my native home;
Although situated in a happy nation,
In New-York regaining I do n't disown:
I am daily shaking in contemplation,
Meditating the old Fairs and Gouls;
I wish I was at the trade cordwaining,
In Ennis Clare, as I was before!

'As I am contented to venture boldly
To see my home in the County Clare,
I hope to meet there brave Louis NAPOLEON,
With his forces, at the break of day;
His splendid regiments from rich Paris,
Perfectly guarded to march away,
To walk with millions of the Irish party
To give the paupers enough to eat!

'It may be formed for the Irish paupers
To get to war in their latter days,
From Shannon harbor to Giant Causeway,
And from Killarney to Abbey Feal:
Sell your furniture, mugs, and sauce-pans }
To the British guardians, to pay the rate;
And tell the DERBYS you are going to Paris,
To join that party to get fair play!

'I now do mention to all Christians breathing,
The Americans are the fairest of all I know,
To favor emigrants from foreign nations,
And daily aiding to their support!
May God protect them in the time of danger,
Against invaders and enemies:
Join heart and hand with France and Erin,
And the place I came from shall soon be free.'

The second effusion is from the 'Barnstable Patriot,' and bears the patriotic title of '*The American Eagle*.' Three stanzas will be 'sufficiency':

'Long! long! may thy talons our country protect
From Liberty's foe and haughty monarch;
May thy beak pluck disunion away in its bud,
And keep us united in friendship and love!

'May thy eye, as it pierces the clouds far away,
Look down upon Columbia, the land of the free;
And thy wing, as it opens 'like fearless in storm,
Invite the oppressed and emigrant home!

'And as far as the Ocean is heard in its roar,
May thy cry call to arms, as our fathers of yore,
And show that their sons are behind not a whit,
In defending their rights now in seventy-six!'

'JOHN OF YORK,' (from whom our readers have frequently heard before,) hailing from the sanctum of the Providence '*Daily Mirror*,' to which journal he imparts marked editorial spirit and variety, writes to us characteristically as follows: 'I was up the 'ked'utry' lately, visiting among old friends, whom I had not seen for ten years. Many changes had taken place, you may be sure, but one of them was quite romantic. Old uncle —, sixty-seven years of age, a widower, and 'well-to-do' in the world, was attending a church-conference in a neighboring State, and in conversation with his brother deacons, one day at dinner, was asked if he never intended to marry again? The old man 'owned up' that he might do so if he could find a woman to his liking. Two or three of the party

told him they knew a maiden lady of fifty, in C —, who would suit him exactly, and described her many virtues so enthusiastically that when the old man returned home to his lonely dwelling he resolved to make her an offer by letter. This he did, in a very frank and explicit manner. He first set down his age, height, personal appearance, state of health, temper, etc. He also transmitted a plan of his dwelling-house, barns, the farm, its value, etc., and sent it on, referring the lady to the gentlemen who had recommended her. He also suggested that as at their time of life unnecessary and expensive courtesies were not necessary, if she accepted his proposal, she might name some dépôt on the Erie Railroad where it would be convenient for her to 'meet him half way.' The lady did accept, and named the station at O —. At the appointed time the old gentleman was there, and so also was the lady. This singular pair, thus met for the first time, went to a hotel, and a minister was sent for. While waiting for the parson, the methodical old lover informed the lady that he had been keeping bachelor's hall for some time past, and would need scrubbing up; 'but,' said he, 'we can manage that easily enough if you are so minded: I will carry the water and you can do the scrubbing.' This was assented to, and the pair were tied in the knot-indissoluble, and departed in the highest sort of spirits. At the time this story was told me, another, equally good, was related, and like it, it is *true*. Old Uncle Jack — took a notion into his head to have a second or third wife, I forget which, and happening to remember a charming widow whom he had seen several years before, and who lived some twenty miles off, sent her a proposal of marriage, with the proviso that if she accepted she should meet him at — Corners on such a day, with her light wagon, he having no vehicle. The widow was on the spot at the time indicated, and at the forks of the road found 'Uncle Jack' waiting for her. They drove to a tavern, had a priest brought, and were married. After the ceremony the good vrouw asked him for six-pence to get some snuff with. This sum was promptly 'forked out,' and the old lady went over the way to a store and got her snuff, while Uncle Jack stepped into the bar and took a 'snifter' of Old Rye. These little comforts having been attended to, they drove off. - - - Our 'Mrs. NEPPINS, 'on old Long-Island's sea-girt shore,' bids fair to become famous through the exertions of her chronicler. 'Hear him yet farther: 'Mrs. NEPPINS went to camp-meetin' here last week, and on being asked if she loved the Lord, replied: 'Wal, I ain't got nothing ag'in' Him!' Also, her son, 'of the name of' CONKLIN NEPPINS, ate for a wager a whole roast goose, and then drank up the oily gravy; and being asked if it would not 'make him sick,' replied that 'the goose sot well enough onto his stummick, and as for the gravy, he thought that the grease would kind o' work out of his skin!' But it *did* make him sick, for when our captain met Mrs. NEPPINS, and asked after her son, she replied: 'Wal, he enjoys very poor health, but this mornin' he complains of feeling better.' 'What is the matter with him?' asked our captain. 'Wal,' replied Mrs. NEPPINS, 'he's kind o' troubled with a dreadful risin' of his vittles!' - - - 'S.'s '*Anecdote*' is welcome: 'I entered a log school-house once, where a 'Debatin' Society' was holding forth upon the question: 'If a man saw his wife and mother in the water drowning, which should he help out first?' The question was considered with animation upon both sides for a while, when a 'backwardness' began to manifest itself. The president desired debaters, 'if they had any thing to say, to continue on.' After a pause, a peaked-looking man in the back part of the house got up and said,

with considerable diffidence and embarrassment: 'Mr. PRESIDENT: I think if a man saw his mother and wife in the water drowning, he ought to help his mother out first: because, you see, if his wife *did* get drowned, he could get another one, but he could n't get another mother, not easy!' This settled the question and the verdict 'accordingly.' - - Our publisher is a fortunate man. He has been again 'upon his travels,' and this is the 'Report' he sends hitherward; awakening in us emotions of envy, discontent, and a kind of remorse, that *we* did n't go, and let him stay at home *this* time. *N'importe*: perhaps our 'good time' may be 'coming.'

'At Rochester I took one of the fine boats of the Ontario and Saint Lawrence Steam-boat Company, who have now two lines on the lake; one of which is known as the U. S. Mail Line, and the other as the American Express Line. This company have been most successful, and I am told have never met with any serious accident. The Express Line runs through Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence to Ogdensburgh without stopping. I took the mail line, stopping at Oswego, Sackett's Harbor, Kingston, etc. By this line passengers go through the Thousand Islands by daylight, and remain all night at Ogdensburgh. Leaving there at seven A. M. they will pass down the St. Lawrence, over the Long Sault, Coteau, Cedar, the Cascades, and Lachine Rapids, reaching Montreal about five P. M. There is no river in America more interesting to the traveller than the St. Lawrence. The passage through the Thousand Islands gives a series of views indescribably beautiful, while in the hurried descent of the rapids you feel an excitement almost breathless. The Lachine Rapids, nine miles above Montreal, have been considered unsafe for steam-boats till within the last two or three years, but they now go over them every day. The JENNY LIND stopped her engine just above Lachine to take on board an Indian pilot from the Indian village of Caughnawaga. A more noble specimen of humanity I never saw. His stalwart, muscular frame would have been remarkable in the days of chivalry, while his fine manly countenance gave assurance that you might safely trust him to guide you through the foaming torrent, which threatens every moment to engulf your rocking bark.

'If I had time, I should be pleased to say something of Montreal; of my sojourn at COLEMAN'S Montreal House; of my ride round the mountain; of the ascent and view from the tower of the French Cathedral, etc. I left Montreal at seven P. M., in the large and elegant steamer JOHN MUNN, Captain ARMSTRONG, for Quebec, and arrived there early next morning. Here for the first time in my life I entered a walled city. In addition to the great historical interest which Quebec has for the stranger, the vicinity has natural attractions which scarce any other city possesses. The plains of Abraham, where WOLF and MONTCALM met in their last conflict; the spot where the brave MONTGOMERY fell; the citadel, which is the Gibraltar of America; the Falls of Montmorency, and the Indian village of Lorette, are among the most notable scenes visited by strangers. If the traveller can extend his visit to the Saguenay, one hundred and forty miles below Quebec, the scenery on that noble stream is said to possess a wild grandeur and magnificence unknown in any other portion of the country. The best time to go there is the latter part of June, July, and August, during our warmest weather.

'I returned by Lake Champlain and Lake George, and it was my good fortune to take passage down Lake Champlain on the new and elegant steamer R. W. SHERMAN, Captain CHAPMAN. This is the largest and best boat on the lake, having been finished only last fall, with all the modern improvements, combining safety, speed, the best of fare, and elegant accommodations. The attention to the comfort of travellers by the captain and other officers renders a passage through this beautiful lake a real pleasure-trip. Captain CHAPMAN knows every point and bar on Lake Champlain, having for several years run a night-boat through, and was previously with Captain SHERMAN, of the Burlington, after whom he has named his beautiful boat. I left the 'SHERMAN' at Ticonderoga to take my first view of Lake George. No description can impart any true idea of this lake among the mountains; and as the neat little steamer JOHN JAY wended her way from the outlet to Caldwell's, I felt that her progress was too rapid for any true enjoyment of the glorious panorama through which we were passing. I remained for the night at SHERRILL'S delightful Lake House. The pure mountain air, the fresh fish from the lake, with the luxuries of the city, render this a most delightful retreat from the business and bustle of the metropolis. When Lake George shall be improved by the erection of elegant cottages on the numerous available sites upon its banks, when its mountains shall be terraced into vineyards and gardens, it may better satisfy the critical eye of the lotus-eating 'Howandis,' and other travelled gentry; but in its native beauty I find a charm which these improvements would only destroy, and for which they could make no adequate amends.'

Among the 'regrets' of the past month — and we have been obliged to tender many — we number, as involving the largest loss of heart-cheering and heart-giving pleasure, the apology we were compelled, from previous engagements, to send to those well-known and valued merchant-princes of New-York, *Moses H. GRINNELL* and *SIMEON DRAPER*. These gentlemen made up, by way of special compliment to the '*Press Club*,' an excursion down the Bay, in their own pleasure-yacht, under convoy of the new pilot-boat '*JULIA*.' One of the '*Kore*,' who was of the party, describes the excursion as full to the brim of genuine delights. The delight of embarkation off the Battery, at noon, the sun in its softest, brightest, balmiest mood, and the winds just sufficient to fill the sails; the delight of the six hours' sail down, and five hours' sail up the Bay; the delight of the sumptuous dinner, served after the sea-air had provoked a capital appetite; and, above all, the delight of hearty social and convivial intercourse between hosts and guests, and the admirable *oneness* of sentiment pervading a company, which, for all the world, seemed formed for each other, and all made for this day. The party, we must add, on the authority of the friend aforesaid, proved themselves good 'trencher-men' all: the dinner-table was voted by common consent a 'great institution,' and the champagne, with equal unanimity, made to pay the penalty of its own excellence. - - - Our friend '*R. P.*' doesn't 'hit the mark' exactly, in talking about 'the honorable insignia of years that crowns the brow of '*Old Knick*.' We respectfully decline the 'honor.' Not a 'gray monitor' there, Sir, and only five or six as yet in the east whisker. *AUGUSTUS*, Count *BLESSING*, successor to our umqwhile worthy townsman, Alderman *JAMES GRANT*, of San Francisco, operates upon our occiput once every three weeks, and declares 'a fair average clip' for the last ten years. With many friends younger than ourselves, whom we meet occasionally in the thoroughfares, the 'almond-tree' of the sacred preacher flourishes, while of others it may indeed be said, that the 'hairs of their heads are all *numbered*,' and a very small account-current at that. One of these latter is much annoyed at calls that are daily made upon him to testify to the virtues of a nostrum for the promotion of the growth of the hair; a poor joke of some of his waggish friends. His reply has become pantomimic. He lifts his hat, points to the smooth ostrich-egg that surmounts his rotund person, and conviction flows in upon the mind of the observer. - - - 'One day walking the portico of the United States' Hotel, at Saratoga,' said a New-Jersey friend to us the other day, 'my attention was directed to the following, tacked up on one of the pillars: 'FOUND, a pin supposed to belong to a lady made of gold!' I am afraid the pin never found its owner: although some there were who had plenty of 'shiners,' none, I think, could come up to *that* notch!' - - - The following touching epitaph is inscribed on the tomb-stone of a young child who was born out of lawful wedlock. None but a repenting mother could have written them: so full of meaning and of sorrow are they:

'PAULINE, thy rest is now secure:
A loving Saviour called thee hence
Knowing thy gentleness could ill endure
The world's unplying malevolence.'

This beautiful epitaph may still be seen upon a tomb-stone in an ancient graveyard at Trenton, New-Jersey. - - - Our friend '*A. B.*' has achieved a triumph in the following couplet:

'THERE is no rhyme, 'tis said, to 'month';
Here's one which he may read who *run'n'th*!'

Who will not be ready to admit, after reading the foregoing, the incorrectness of the assertion, in rhymes of kindred smoothness:

'A MAN cannot make himself a poet,
No more 'n a sheep can make itself a go-at!'

NEITHER the celebrated GEORGE ROBBINS, the great London auctioneer, nor the 'rich' advertisement-monger of Little Pedlington, has excelled Dr. S. SILSBEE, superintendent of the '*Xenia Springs Joint-Stock Association*,' in his especial vocation. Some of the attractions of these Ohio springs are thus set forth in a 'Report to the President and Board of Directors,' now lying before us:

'ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the establishment of

A Circulating Library,

next season, which cannot fail to meet your approbation. The erection of a

CHAPEL FOR RELIGIOUS SERVICE'S

is strongly desired and urged by our friends. The Company who propose to run a

BRANCH RAIL-ROAD

from the Hotel to the Columbus road, a distance of less than a mile, await the action of your body to carry the project into execution.

A Telegraph Office

can be established, connecting the Hotel with the world at large, at a very small expense, and is thought desirable. The establishment of

A Post-Office,

at the Springs, is a consummation much desired by our visitors, and will meet with the warm assent and hearty approbation of the entire neighborhood; and I would respectfully urge immediate action upon this point. In relation to

IMPROVEMENTS IN CONTEMPLATION

by others, I have made such inquiries as the time permitted. From ten to fifteen cottages are in contemplation. Others will doubtless be added; and in all probability, the lawn will be filled up with elegant and tasteful buildings, giving to it that

SYMMETRY AND BEAUTY CONTEMPLATED IN THE PLAN!

Our sanguine 'superintendent' would succeed in '*prospecting*,' we should think, in the mines of California, if the '*Xenia Springs*' prospects should by any chance fall short of fulfilment! - - - 'ONE day last spring,' writes a friend from Ohio, 'over the river, in the neighboring town of Zanesville, there was a dedication of the new Catholic church. The rumor got abroad that Madame Bishor was to sing upon the occasion—to lead the choir, in short, in honor of the newly-erected house of God. I made one of a company who went over 'there to see.' Bishop PURCELL was present from Cincinnati; and the ceremonies were going on inside the cathedral when we arrived. We were compelled to await outside, amidst a large number; among the rest, a good-natured Irish woman: 'I'm shure and her name was BRIDGET O'SOMETHING.' The inquiry was made of her, by a lady who accompanied us, 'whether it was true that Madame BISHOR was to be there?' 'Oh, dear! bliss ye!—and don't ye know that our Bishop niver marries!' This was a *sequitur* from the query too rare to be forgotten. Let me mention to you another incident. I know it to be true, for it occurred here in Zanesville. Judge H—, the individual mentioned, is our present member of Congress, and Parson JONES, the old negro preacher—HEAVEN rest his bones!—with his old gray mare and rickety cart, have long since returned to the dust. The Judge was present at the delivery of one of his sermons, and

was brought in by the speaker, by way of illustrating a certain position, then and there taken by him: 'My dear friends and brethren,' said he, 'de soul ob de brack man is as dear in de sight ob de LORD as de soul ob de white man. Now you all see Judge H—— a sittin' dah leanin' on his golden-headed cane: you all know de Judge, niggas, an' a berry fine man he is, too. Well, now, I's gwine to make a little comparishment. Supposin' de Judge some fine mornin' puts his basket on his arm, and goes to market to buy a piece ob meat. He soon find a nice, fat piece ob mutton, an' goes off wid it. Do you s'pose de Judge would stop to 'quire wedder dat mutton was ob white sheep, or ob a brack sheep? No: duffin' ob de kind! If de mutton was nice an' fat, it would be all de same to de Judge: he would not stop to ax wedder de sheep had white wool or brack wool. Well, jes so it is, my frens, wid our hebenly MASTER. He does not stop to ax wedder a soul 'longs to a white man or a brack man; wedder his head was kivered wid straight ha'r, or kivered wid wool: de only question he will ax will be, 'Is dis a *good soul*?'—an' if so, de MASSA will say, 'Enter into de joy ob de LORD, an' set down on de same bench wid de white man: ye'se all on a perfect 'quality!'— - - The modest young gentleman who penned the following lines has never been able to summon up courage to 'pop the question.' He is therefore desirous that they may be printed in the KNICKERBOCKER, trusting that they may thus fall under the eye of the young lady for whom they are intended, who is 'very beautiful and accomplished, and subscribes for the Magazine!' He feels confident that the EDITOR could 'not refuse a request of this kind if he had ever been in love himself.' Listen, therefore, to 'O. D. R.'s apostrophe 'To BETSY C——:'

'MAIDEN fair,
With yellow hair,
Who can compare
With thee!

'Oh, might I dare
But to declare

What fell despair
Hath seized on me:

'You would repent,
You would relent,
You would consent
To marry me!'

AN Albany correspondent mentions a rather singular circumstance which recently happened in that ancient city. It is as follows: 'Deacon B—— and Deacon C—— called, in the course of their 'parochial duty,' upon a young and interesting lady of their flock, who was confined to her room and bed by severe illness. Having been conducted by the young lady's mother to her apartment, they found the invalid very weak, and little able to receive visitors—least of all *such* visitors. Both deacons asked divers and sundry questions, going in fact through the regular spiritual formula. At length Deacon B—— said: 'Deacon C——, will you lead in prayer?' 'No, brother B——,' he replied, 'I will hear *you* first, if you are willing.' 'BARKIS was willing,' and the twain knelt down. The prayer was a long one, a *very* long one. Deacon D——, in the mean time, had knelt in front of a wash-stand and looking-glass; and to pass away the time, took up a comb and brush, and during 'the exercise' of his persevering and long-winded 'brother,' proceeded to comb and brush his hair! Ill as she was, the poor invalid said it was as much as she could possibly do to avoid 'laughing out in meetin'!' - - - Two darkies, one Sunday morning, were standing at a corner of WILLARD's hotel in Washington, when a discussion arose concerning our PRESIDENT's military experience. One was sure that Mr. FILLMORE fought the battles of Mexico; the other that it was General TAYLOR. 'Now I tell you what I do,' said the FILLMORE adherent; 'I bet you half a dollah on it,

and when Massa FILLMORE come along here I ax him.' Pretty soon the PRESIDENT and his lady came by, on their way from church; and when opposite the hotel, he was accosted by the daky: 'Massa FILLMORE, please, Sah, want to ax you a question, Sah!' 'Certainly, my man,' said the PRESIDENT, stopping to listen. 'Massa FILLMORE, please, Sah, did n't you fight de battle ob Mexico, Sah?' 'Oh no,' replied Mr. FILLMORE; 'it was General TAYLOR who was in the Mexican war.' 'Oh, yes, Sah: I on'y wanted to know, Sah: General TAYLOR: t'ank you, Sah: had a little bet on it—half a dollah, Sah!' What an outrage—what a 'plum' for police-reporters—would a similar interruption of a 'reigning monarch' have been in Europe! - - - To the 'Gold-Digger,' of San Francisco: 'Yaäz'am! That's what the cap'n said!' - - - On the evening of September the thirteenth, at eight o'clock, at 'the Club,' the following came from 'RICHARD HAYWARDE,' without the slightest effort, so far as could be observed by those present: 'What is the difference between the North Pole and a common soldier?' Several auditors 'threw themselves upon the subject,' without avail: 'when thus then' HAYWARDE, in explicat'on: 'Cause the one controls the *magnet*, and the other the *bagnet*!' There was silence. - - - A MEDICAL gentleman having, by dint of hard struggling, achieved his diploma from the board of examiners of one of our largest medical colleges, was enjoying the approving smiles of beauty in return therefor. One of the ladies kindly remarked to him: 'So, Doctor, you've passed the Rubicon?' 'Yes, ma'am,' answered he, modestly struggling with triumph in his countenance, 'I *passed them*!' - - - THE Buffalo 'Daily Courier,' by our old friend WILLIAM A. SEAVER, formerly of the Batavia 'Spirit of the Times,' comes to us in a new and very handsome dress. It is as we predicted, when we announced the proprietor's translation from Batavia to a wider field of exertion. The subscription-list of the 'Courier' has increased more than four-fold, and its advertising and job-printing ten-fold. Industry, and an ever-open 'eye to business,' have not been without their natural result. The editor's original design to make a 'good newspaper, in the best sense of the word,' has at no time been lost sight of in the management of the 'Courier.' It is a political journal as well, but it is neither rabid nor discourteous. Continued success attend it! - - - We paused not, save for a moment, in our recent trip to the 'Portage' of the Genesee, at the flourishing village of Elmira; but that they have good houses of entertainment there, we may well infer, from the manner in which the passengers, smacking their lips the while, came on board the cars from the new 'BRINARD House' and HAIGHT's renowned hotel, both which establishments are warmly commended of travellers. Of the new, spacious and admirably-kept *Dickinson House at Corning*, we are better prepared personally to speak. In the words of OLLAPOD, newly applied, we may say of Corning, that it 'hath an hotel, reader, whose superior is not to be found, whether thou go to the south-west or north-west, or indeed any point of the compass. Comfortable and expeditious DENNIS! The voluminousness of thy periphery indicateth the tasteful epicure; upon the pullets thou sacrificeest are the pin-feathers of youth; thy warm rolls are done deliciously brown; thy yellow butter, thy irreproachable eggs, thy unimpeachable coffee—our mnemonical palate remembers them all; nor shall thy large and cool sleeping-chambers, and spotless bed-linen soon fade from the recollection. By-the-by, speaking of Corning and the 'DICKINSON House,' we should be pleased to show to any visitor at the sanctum a daguerreotype of the entrance to the hotel, with a group of 'friends and fellow-travellers' assembled on the

portico, exceedingly well taken, in a second of time, in the open air, by Mr. A. HICKCOX, daguerreotypist, of DYER Hall, Corning. Judges, doctors, senators, merchants, artists, lawyers, DENNIS, editors, etc., etc., figure in the group, as large as life, 'and twice as natural.' - - - A CORRESPONDENT, himself distinguished as a member both of the bar and the bench of his own State, sends us the following '*Anecdotal Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar of Vermont.*' One seldom finds pleasanter reading than gossiping accounts of the ways and manners, the 'quips and quirks,' of eminent lawyers:

'Among the distinguished members of the legal profession in Vermont, whose mortal coil is spent, DUDLEY CHASE deserves early mention. He graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1791, and began the practice of the law in that State before 1800. He was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and senator in Congress for two terms, and was a man of very considerable learning, both in and out of his professional range. But his chief excellence was as an advocate. Here he was almost without a rival in the State. But his manner was sometimes not a little loud, and bordering upon the boisterous perhaps. In his temperament he was ardent, and in his convictions and conclusions he was always self-relying and sanguine. This made him sometimes carry the air, if nothing more, of contempt for an antagonist. His wit was always pointed, and sometimes exceedingly cutting to an adversary. This has resulted in the traditional remembrance of more cases where others have gained a seeming advantage, at his expense, than where he was the victor. This resulted almost of necessity from the consideration that the sympathy of the public feeling, at least if it border at all upon a sentiment of pity, will always be on the side of the weaker party. And where a combatant is constantly gaining victories in the warfare of wit, an occasional defeat will make more impression, and often be longer remembered, than all his other conflicts.

'As the elections of the judges in Vermont have been annual from the first, (in that respect, if in nothing else, outrunning the times, and anticipating future progress,) the judges have esteemed it allowable to argue those causes where they had been retained before their promotion to the bench. When CHASE became Chief Justice, from his extensive practice he was compelled to argue causes before his associates in nearly half the counties in the State. On one of these occasions he became greatly roused, and was sweeping the chords of a most commanding voice with tremendous fury, when some one, who had come in from a remote portion of the county to listen to the proceedings of the Supreme Court for the first time that term, had occasion to leave the court-room, and was inquired of by some one at the door how the cause advanced; and having noticed that the Chief Justice always addressed the jury near the close of the trial, and seeing him now engaged in a most vehement appeal to them, and not observing but he occupied the same position he had in the former trials, replied, with great assurance, that the trial was near its close, 'for,' said he, 'the Judge is *charging* the jury, and a h—ll of a charge he is giving them!'

'He was a man who did not always regard the rule of civilized warfare in regard to the use of poisoned arrows. He would at least speak daggers, if he did not use them. On one occasion, in some conflict between him and the late Mr. Justice TURNER, but before either of them came upon the bench, in a social circle of the members of the bar from different parts of the State, during the session of the Legislature, we think, the tide ran very hard against Mr. TURNER, who was more generally a match for the mightiest in careless irony and off-hand wit. But here the shots from CHASE were of so deadly a character, and aimed with such fatal precision, that for a time TURNER could do little more than flutter and spit. Finally CHASE gave him apparently the finishing blow, by calling upon him to abandon his pop-gun warfare, and resort to shots of a calibre worthy himself and the occasion, and give them no more *squibs*. 'Ay, ay,' said TURNER; 'you know, doubtless, that in our part of the State we always *charge* according to the *game*!'

'Another incident is related of a passage between Chief Justice CHASE and the late Judge MATTOCKS, then a young man, but always a man of 'most excellent wit.' CHASE came down to the bar to argue some motion in a cause where he had been retained before his promotion to the bench. Numerous counsel, younger and of subordinate rank, were engaged upon the opposite side, and MATTOCKS among the rest; and, as was natural, if not reasonable, felt some solicitude lest the position of the counsel opposed should have more weight than his arguments. In this dilemma each was eager to say and suggest every word which could weigh in their favor, and among others, some that it was not altogether easy for CHASE to answer by fair argument. The result was, what is common in such cases, a resort to some kind of forensic finesse, a sort of *coup de main*, which should supply the want of argument, and thereby, if possible, put his antagonists *hors du combat*. 'What do I hear about me?' said he. 'First a word from A., then a word from B., and so quite through the alphabet, all about the bar, croaking like frogs!' Quick as lightning MATTOCKS ejaculated:

'When JUPITER descends from Olympus among mortals, he must expect to hear the croaking of frogs!'

'This, in every point of view, whether as a reply to the taunt, or as a playful rebuke to the Chief Justice for continuing his practice before his associates upon the bench, is equal to any thing of the kind we recollect to have heard of.

'Another passage between Mr. TURNER, while at the bar, and Chief Justice CHASE, is not without its point, and savors possibly rather too strongly of the social habits of the profession at that time, perhaps at all times. But if my Lord MANSFIELD did not scruple to draw his figures from the play of games, in delivering a solemn judgment in the King's Bench, when he adopted or originated what has since become a standing maxim in jurisprudence, that 'the play is not worth the candle,' we know not why the same license is not allowable to others.

'TURNER had argued an important case before the court, in which he felt a most absorbing interest; and when the Chief Justice came to give judgment, he resorted to what is a not uncommon feint, by taking up in detail several points which had been argued by Mr. TURNER, and showing their fallacy. This process of dissection soon became absolutely agonizing to TURNER. He rose unconsciously, and began to fortify his former positions, and even to suggest new points; all of which was exceedingly improper, of course, and uncourteous to the bench. Chief Justice CHASE was not the man to submit to an indignity, however unintentional, very tamely. 'Mr. TURNER,' said he, 'do you propose to trump your own trick?' 'Ah!' said TURNER, 'your honor, I am no gambler; no gambler, your worship;' and sat down.

'Chief Justice CHASE presided at the trial of the BOURNS for the murder of their brother-in-law, COLVIN, in Bennington county. This case is famous the world over for its most wonderful dénouement. After the trial and conviction of both respondents, and the confession of one of them to his actual perpetration of the murder, with all its minute circumstances in detail, and when the day of public execution drew near, COLVIN actually returned in full life, after an absence of some six years. Of his identity there was never the least question. We have now before us a detailed statement of all the evidence, by the Chief Justice's own hand, which exhibits a most astonishing amount of circumstantial evidence of guilt.

'Of the career of Judge CHASE as Senator in Congress we are not informed. But from his general activity he was, no doubt, a useful member of the committees upon which he served. Take him for all in all, he was a superb specimen of the race. Tall and majestic in person; of most expressive and commanding mien; powerful and athletic beyond a parallel almost; earnest and inflexible in purpose, resolute and invincible in will, he brought to the aid of his advocacy a most potent oratory, the irresistible eloquence of a manly and almost divine bearing; and however we may affect to despise such things, it is a rare gift, and for which nothing else almost will compensate. In addition to this, Chief Justice CHASE entertained a high sense of moral and religious principle, without which honor is a mere 'scutcheon; a thing which may be felt by the living, but which cannot embalm the virtues of the dead, or wipe out the stains upon their memory; and this no doubt gave him greater weight in his advocacy.'

'DURING the summer of '88,' writes a south-western correspondent, 'if I do not mistake the year, I was present at a court held at Pascagoula, Mississippi, (a favorite resort for Mobilians during summer,) to try the landlord of the hotel for selling liquor in less quantity than a gallon, it being contrary to a law of the State. Present, Justice HAWKINS, sitting upon a decayed stump in front of the hotel, with a pea-brush alongside of him. 'Prisoner! what have you to say?—guilty or not guilty?' 'Not guilty!' 'Prisoner! you know you lie, for I have drank myself in your house at least twenty times a day, and I am a pretty good witness, as well as judge of liquor; but as there are some doubts in my mind whether Pascagoula belongs to any particular State, and as half the Mobile boys would die without their liquor, the court, in its clemency, imposes on you a fine of one picayune: but blast the man that informed upon you! Mr. SHERIFF, take this pea-brush and whip the informer out of town! Court's adjourned. Landlord, you had better treat the party!' This was the first and last complaint ever made in that district for selling liquor.' Such a judge would hardly 'pass muster' down in Maine. - - - We had accidentally mislaid, until a week since, our York (Penn.) correspondent's comments upon the 'Talk on Antiquity' in our March number. Although now something of a post-mortem critique, it shall have a corner in the 'Gossip' of next month, if the writer should so elect.

Will he please inform us? - - - We have just witnessed a little touch of 'The Mother,' that we cannot help jotting down. An infant boy, of a year's span, had been sent to the country in charge of a faithful nurse, for the space of two days, as an initiatory step toward weaning. While he was away, the mother bemoaned his absence, and could not choose but dwell upon the trials of the little innocent in his struggles against the claims of nature: but lo! when he returned, he sought no more the maternal bosom; whereat the mother comes weeping into the sanctum, because the 'wee thing' had been won from her arms so soon! Cur'ous, isn't it?' But mothers will understand it. - - - 'T. R. Q.', of Pittsburgh, is informed that articles sent us 'must be subject to such delays' as he complains of. We have many things in our port-folios awaiting insertion, and some from esteemed personal friends, which are as good as any thing we have published, and only published earlier because they had the *promise* of publication, public or private. There will be 'room for all' by and by. - - - How many 'politicians by trade' are there, about these days, whose 'principles' are as clearly defined as DICKENS's modern partisan orator: 'His principles, he would boldly avow, were commercial prosperity coëxistently with perfect and profound agricultural contentment: but short of this he would never stop. His principles were these: with the addition of his colors nailed to the mast, every man's heart in the right place, every man's eye open, every man's hand ready, every man's mind on the alert. His principles were these, concurrently with a general revision of something — speaking generally — and a possible readjustment of something else, not to be mentioned more particularly.' What could be more pellucid and satisfactory? - - - We find in a late number of 'The Metropolitan' of Washington, a very neatly-executed journal, which we should judge to be conducted with no ordinary ability, an 'Address by Hon. Robert M. Charlton before the Washington Young Men's Christian Association.' It is worthy the talents and the character of its gifted and distinguished author. In proof of the justice of our estimate of the Address, we invite attention to the only extract for which we can make room:

'Above the bosom of the broad Potomac, a hill lifts its head on high, and throws its shadow on the dancing wave: there on its summit is an ancient mansion — the relic of another age, one of the gray hairs upon the head of our young country. It is curious to look on, but tarry not now to behold it: come with me a few steps farther: there on that gentle declivity is a vault, and there exposed to view is a marble sarcophagus, and there, fast mouldering into dust, is a noble and a gallant heart, that throbbed once with the purest patriotism, the highest, loftiest courage; there withers the arm that struck down the hosts of the enemy, and flung to the breeze the banner of our freedom; there, the feet are at rest that plunged through ice and snow, that trod the burning sands; and the mind that conceived, and the spirit that nourished, and the iron energy that executed, and the bold and noble man whose form contained all these, and to whom, under God, we this day owe our greatness and our glory, all are buried there: and that tomb is the Mecca of our country: no unhallowed foot tramples upon that sacred soil; the rude laugh is hushed, and the fierce strife restrained; and with tearful eyes, and uncovered brows, generations have stood, generations will stand, around and about the grave of WASHINGTON. And why? Was it simply because he was a mighty warrior? So was NAPOLEON. Was it because he struck boldly for his country's honor? So did thousands beside him. It was these, but it was more: it was because he combined the three great objects of your association; because he added to his powerful mind the pure and lofty principle of morality, and crowned the rest by a heavenly faith, a confiding hope, a holy life; and thus thrice armed, he passed through the serried ranks of men and devils, and while he raised his country to its freedom and independence, he walked in Christian humility and love, and died with a cheerful and a happy spirit, leaving a name and a memory, 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!' Never be ashamed, my young friends, of being esteemed religious. If any mock at you, if any ask you what courageous, what holy mind has ever embraced its holy teachings, point them to that tomb, beside yon bounding river, and answer, 'WASHINGTON;' and then ask them in your turn if that can be worthless, if that can be

insignificant, that could control the life and the actions of our country's Father? Another name should here be mentioned. The tears are still in the eyes of this great nation, the heart of our country is still throbbing with unfeigned sorrow, at the loss of one who was chief among the orators, the patriots, the sages of America. Amid the pride of station, the crowd of honors, the cheering uproar of applause; surrounded by prosperity, by friends, by fame, the still small voice of the messenger from heaven whispered to his heart, 'All this is not thy rest; follow thou me:' and he obeyed; first doubtfully, then willingly, and at the close gladly: and so life sweetly, beautifully passed away, leaving the name of HENRY CLAY dear to us for his brave and patriotic and splendid achievements, but dearer to the Christian heart for the humility, and faith, and hope, which cluster around life's closing scenes. Tread we lightly over his honored grave! Moura we bitterly our country's loss; cherish we ever his glorious memory! And believe not, my friends, that these are the only examples I could bring: ten thousand times ten thousand of bright and pure intellects, of indomitable, fearless courage, have acknowledged the same way, have worshipped at the same shrine, have gloried in their homage, and given their blood as a cement to their faith.

PETERSON AND COMPANY, Philadelphia, are publishing, in well-printed numbers, with upward of one hundred and twenty fine steel engravings, '*The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans*;' a work well deserving American patronage. - - - SPEAKING of the English cockney, on the Erie Rail-road, mentioned in this department of a late number, who complained that the conductor didn't 'blow an 'orn so that one could 'ear it,' a town-friend writes: 'What is the mark of the case in front of you?' said a forwarding-clerk to a cockney-lad just 'arrove' from 'merry England.' 'O Hell, Sir!' he replied. We 'laughed consumedly' at his profane announcement of the initials, 'O.L.' - - - WE have received, and read with no ordinary satisfaction, Mr. C. B. Burkhardt's *Masonic Oration*, delivered before two prominent Metropolitan Lodges, on the late Festival of Saint JOHN. It has been highly praised by the public press, and is warmly commended by the 'Brothers of the Mystic Tie.' - - - A MISSEIVE from the printing-office informs us that the 'forms' for October are complete; so that farther present scope must not be expected. Notices of some of the following works are already in type, and the remainder will 'have immediate dispatch:' 'Men of the Time;' 'HUGH GROTIUS on International Law;' 'American Literature and Manners;' BRISTED'S 'Five Years in an English University;' 'MR. WEBSTER and his Contemporaries;' 'Sicily, a Pilgrimage;' 'Summer-Time in the Country;' 'Pioneer Women of the West;' PUTNAM'S 'Library for the People;' CHEEVER'S 'Voices of Nature;' 'WILLIAM TELL;' SOUTHARD'S 'Sermon on the Life and Death of HENRY CLAY;' CALVERT'S 'Scenes in Europe;' 'Laws of Life;' JONES'S 'Telegraph;' 'Dollars and Cents;' HIND'S 'Solar System;' OSBORNE'S 'Arctic Journal;' 'Home Philosophy;' 'Bound Home, or the Gold-Hunter's Manual;' 'Funeral of MIRABEAU;' with sundry new volumes of poems, pamphlets, etc., etc. - - - AMONG several miscellaneous matters left standing in type, or prepared for the present number, are our dramatic and musical notices, notices of three new splendid metropolitan hotels, 'A Few Words with Correspondents, Public and Private;' Wines, etc., of LEMAITRE ET FILS; MR. SCHAUSS'S Visit to Paris, etc.; together with notices of the following popular pieces of music: 'The Love-Knot,' from words by MRS. NORTON, by MR. STEPHEN C. MASSETT: 'Some Things Love Me,' words by T. BUCHANAN READ, and admirably set by DEMPSTER, with the following, by the same eminent composer and vocalist: 'The May Sun sheds an Amber Light,' by BRYANT; 'Oh, Happy was the Gloamin',' by Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE; 'The Maid of Dee,' a Ballad from 'ALTON LOCKE;' 'Flow down, cold Rivulet, to the Sea,' by TENNYSON; 'Wilt thou meet Me in Life's Low Vale?' 'Song of ANNOT LYLE,' by Sir WALTER SCOTT; 'Morning Song,' by RUSSELL SMITH, Esq., etc.

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